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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

On 26 May Lord Roberts, telegraphing from Wolvendoek, reported that the advanced portion of his force had crossed the Vaal at Parys on the Queen's birthday. Next day the Vaal was crossed in force, and headquarters were at Vereeniging thirty-five miles from Johannesburg. On the 28th he was at Klip River eighteen miles from Johannesburg—the enemy abandoning all their positions almost without resistance. Germiston, the junction connecting Johannesburg with Natal, Pretoria and Klerksdorp, was taken on the 29th. The day following a flag of truce was sent to Johannesburg and the Commandant saw Lord Roberts, and it was agreed that the town should not be entered for twenty-four hours as there were many armed burghers still inside and bodies of the enemy were still holding hills from which they would have to be cleared off beforehand. Next day he was in possession of Johannesburg and the British flag was flying over the Government buildings. From Lord Roberts' description of the fighting on the 29th it was evident that Generals Ian Hamilton and French were pushing forward towards Pretoria.

On Thursday unofficial telegrams from Pretoria, amongst them one from the "Daily Mail's" correspondent, the Earl of Rosslyn, who had been a prisoner, stated that President Kruger had fled to Watervalboven, a place on the railway to Delagoa Bay about 150 miles from Pretoria; that the British advance guard was on its way between Johannesburg and Pretoria, where crowds were waiting in the Church Square expecting the arrival of the British; the town was in the hands of a committee appointed to keep order. The formal annexation of the Free State is reported as having been made by Lord Roberts on 27 May under the new title of Orange River State. General Buller on 30 May reported from Newcastle that Utrecht had been surrendered, General Clery was bombarding Laing's Nek, and the enemy were so disheartened that he doubted if they would fight, were they not occupying such strong positions.

Aldershot just now contains more troops than is usual at this time of year, and soon there will be assembled in the camp twenty-eight battalions of sorts. A fine body of men may be seen in the reserve battalions; but it cannot be denied that in many cases they go heavily on their feet. This of course may be due partly to new boots with thicker soles than the men are accustomed to. But the fact remains that at present they could not accom-

plish much in the way of marching. The training at Aldershot is being judiciously carried out, and the Militia—contrary to the usual practice—are not being taught to run before they can walk. The services which the Militia have recently rendered the country have been considerable, and there has been much talk of improving their status. But when the mountains had brought forth, Lord Lansdowne's mouse was seen to be of an exceedingly small species. Briefly it all came to this—the rank of warrant officer for sergeants-major, an ex-Militia adjutant on the head-quarter staff, and an extra allowance to quarter-masters during embodiment. We fail to follow Lord Lansdowne's water-bottle argument. Because such bottles were recently used by the line, they are good enough now for the Militia. But the articles in question—even when used by the line—were discreditably unserviceable, and were indeed so offensive to drink out of that men rarely used them.

A small matter is the Volunteers Bill which gives powers to enrol Volunteers with a liability to serve at any time, whether an emergency has been declared or not and outside as well as inside the United Kingdom. The expediency of being able at any moment to say without hesitation that a definite number of men are at the disposal of the Government is evident, but as to the effect of the innovation on the popularity of the force as a whole, the views of Lord Monkswell and others who think there should be no distinction amongst Volunteers other than of efficiency and non-efficiency cannot be lightly disregarded. Perhaps however Lord Derby's reminder that the proposed new system is the same as that which gives us our present Militia and Militia reserves, and Lord Lansdowne's assertion that representative Volunteer officers believe the proposal is agreeable and acceptable to the force as a whole, are good practical answers to his objections. There is more danger that the existence of such reserves may be used as an argument against proposals for thorough reorganisation and increase of the Army itself.

The second stage of the session which closed last Monday has proved dull and uneventful. It is marked by no legislative effort of importance nor is it distinguished by a single great speech, unless, perhaps, we except that of Mr. Balfour on the Housing Bill. That speech has certainly not attracted the attention it deserves, partly because even the greatest social questions, as Lord Salisbury remarked in the City on Tuesday last, are overshadowed by the interest of the war; partly because the Bill itself, which furnished the occasion of the speech, is a very little thing. Anyone who has given his mind to the housing question, especially as it presents itself in London, must see in a moment

that the Government Bill is no attempt to grapple with the situation. Doubtless it is good that local authorities should have power to buy land without their own area for housing purposes ; thus the Bill is better than nothing ; but that is all. Next to Balfour's Housing speech comes Mr. Asquith's on the Spion Kop despatches, a little flare-up which saved the Opposition from total eclipse. Mr. Wyndham's speech on that occasion has left him in hardly so good a Parliamentary position as that he had won for himself during the period before Easter.

Mr. Samuel Smith is becoming a bore, and Mr. Balfour deserves the thanks of the country for suppressing him effectually, as he did last Monday in the House. Mr. Samuel Smith never goes to a theatre ; therefore he undertakes to lecture us on the theatre's morals ; Mr. Samuel Smith never goes to church, so he undertakes to instruct us on the Church's theology. As Mr. Balfour said, if Mr. Smith would give us some facts instead of homilies, he would be entitled to a hearing ; as it is, his lectures are an abuse of the process of the House, to adapt a phrase of the lawyers. But even facts would not establish Mr. Smith's case in this instance, though they might result in a successful appeal *ad misericordiam* ; a fraud often does make that appeal successfully. Mr. Smith wants to do away with voluntary schools because in some of them religious doctrines are taught with which he does not agree, and set up schools in their place where religious doctrine would be inculcated, with which he does agree.

Mr. Smith is a disestablisher, and the disestablishers' argument is (as it should be) that they are not interfering with the Church's religion ; they merely wish to disassociate the State from the Church ; or, as they put it, to liberate religion from secular control. And yet we have this good man expressly asking the State to step in in favour of one school of theology which is his own, against another, which he dislikes. The older and abler opponents of establishment would have regarded such an attitude with contempt, for they had the brains to perceive its logical impossibility and the character to appreciate its dishonesty. We can excuse Mr. Smith's denunciation of a book which criticised the Reformation instead of merely calling it "great and glorious," for we can quite believe that he does not know that there is anything to criticise in the Reformation ; but we regret that an educated man, such as Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster, should condescend irrelevantly to drag into his speech "Spanish bigotry" just to flatter the Orange bigotry of some of his Belfast constituents. Mr. Smith might well have thought the allusion relevant ; Mr. Arnold-Forster could not.

The other Nonconformist grievance is that in some districts there are only Church schools for Nonconformist children to attend, or enter as pupil-teachers. At worst, this is but the Nonconformists' misfortune ; it cannot be a grievance, for no favour of any kind is shown to the Church. The obvious remedy is for Nonconformists to set up schools of their own which would be helped by the State precisely as are the Church schools. But that is not their plan ; they do not want to contribute to schools of their own even the now small portion of a denominational school's expenses that is not defrayed by the State. They want, as Mr. Boscowen pointed out in the House, that schools on their model should be paid for wholly by the Treasury and the rates, of which the burden would fall mainly on Churchmen. As things are, the hardship, such as it is, on Nonconformist children consists in this only : they cannot in Church schools get religious teaching on Nonconformist lines. That they cannot get it is the Nonconformists' own fault and only theirs ; for they rejected the Government proposal which would have secured to them, in common with all denominations, the right to the religious instruction of their children on their own lines in every school, no matter under what Church or what Board.

After Mr. Balfour had shown that in Mr. Smith's case fanaticism makes a man unable to distinguish truth from fact, he turned to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who had out-Heroded all the Herods of his party by his

wild frenzies, and in a sentence showed how the same fanatic can profess two absolutely inconsistent fanatical theories. One of them is that all sections of the nation support the war, and "the man in the street dances in delirious joy at the news of every fresh massacre." Hence the nation is brutal, ignorant and depraved. The other is that "the people, the democracy" is as Mr. Morley paints it, when he wants to represent the European peoples as more moral in their indignation against England than their Governments. Mr. Balfour knowing the inutility of argument simply says, "I will ask him to reflect after his exposition of the criminal folly of the nation, whether he still retains his old views about the infallibility of democracy, or even of the local veto." Sir Wilfrid has a reputation for humour. He should be able to see the point of that joke.

"L'incident est clos," said General Gallifet when he became Minister. But he did not count on M. Tomps nor on Captain Fritsch of the Second Bureau. M. Tomps, when the Second Bureau was reorganised after its splendidly mendacious services over the "Affair," took over some of its famous "counter espionage" duties. In revenge it laid a little trap for him by inveigling him into a correspondence with P—, who was to supply him with information, for a consideration, of the bribing by the General Staff of the notorious Cernuschi who made such a dramatic appearance against Dreyfus at the Rennes court-martial. M. Tomps wrote as M. Geiger, hence the "Geiger Correspondence." Then Captain Fritsch copies it and sends it to some of his Nationalist friends. M. Joseph Reinach has been threatening to open the affair ; the Government is asked if it has not also been taking steps with this object and the correspondence is mentioned. General Gallifet in all sincerity denies, for he does not know of it, that it exists. In two or three days he has to confess in the Senate that he has learned he was altogether wrong, that Captain Fritsch has been retired and M. Tomps transferred to another post.

The Nationalists, bound to accept General Gallifet's word, immediately declare "Joseph has been sold by his brethren." M. Waldeck-Rousseau and his Government have deceived the General who has declared "L'incident est clos." Then come the amazing scenes which have been witnessed in the Chambers during this week, which have broken down General Gallifet's health and brought about his resignation and the acceptance of his office by General André. M. Waldeck-Rousseau's renewed protestations of the Government's intention resolutely to oppose the opening of the affair, as testified by their Amnesty Bill, were treated with scorn and derision. M. Bourgeois saved the situation for the ministry by suddenly abandoning the reserve he has maintained for a considerable time, and rallying the Moderate Republicans to support his resolution approving the acts of the Government, and by his speech denouncing Nationalism as a coalition of irreclaimable adversaries of the Republic. Once more, therefore, by what may be supposed to be the normal majority of the Ministry of about fifty-two, it has escaped the destruction which seemed overhanging it. If the Chambers could be quietly adjourned for a few months, the Republic would be relieved from its greatest immediate danger.

The "mailed fist" is very much in evidence in China just now, but this time it happens to be Chinese and not German. In the general difficulty of accounting for anything in China we may perhaps hazard the guess that the Emperor William borrowed his famous metaphor from the "Boxers" whose real dignified appellation is that of the "Righteous Harmony Fists," which it need hardly be said is well nigh unintelligible in European ears. According to accounts from Peking the fist has been much more conspicuous than the harmony in that neighbourhood. The railway station and workshops at Feng-tai eight miles from Peking have been burned and damaged to the extent of some thousands of pounds. This place has been set on fire and the Belgian, French and British engineers and employés with their families have been in the most imminent danger and armed parties of Europeans have

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gone to their rescue. Between Peking and Tient-tsin the railway had to be cleared by Chinese soldiers. The Legation have notified the Tsung-li-Yamén that the foreign guards will be summoned and French, Japanese and American gunboats and warships have been sent to Tien-tsin, which was only protected by a British force of twenty-five with volunteers.

All this is the natural consequence of the reactionary policy of the Dowager Empress, which has found its opportunity in the mutual jealousies of the European Powers. Intrigues for the purpose of stealing marches upon each other have gone on side by side in the Palace, with intrigues on the part of the Empress to render all the concessions they were able to obtain by threats or cajolery futile, and to combine all the forces of hatred against the foreigners into secret or open resistance. She is known to have issued secret instructions to encourage disorder and the only doubt about her relations to the "Boxers" is whether she has not organised a movement which she now fears may pass out of her control. The movement might develop amongst parties hostile to her own Government if it is not suppressed, and she may now, it is just possible, be intending to suppress it. However this may be, it seems to be certain that the Government has deliberately fostered the spirit that has led to the present outbreak, and the gravity of the crisis may unite the European Powers not only for the purpose of insisting on compensation for the damage that has been done and the cost incurred in defensive measures, but for devising some more effectual means of future control over the Chinese Government itself.

The developments of the Cuban Postal scandal threaten to be sensational. Since Neely was arrested about ten days ago for wrongfully converting \$45,000 it appears that Mr. Rathbone, whose extravagances we called attention to before, may have to answer some serious charges. To show the reckless way in which he conducted the Postal Department in Cuba we may note that under the head "miscellaneous" in the return supplied to Congress an entry of \$100,000 appears without further explanation. The War Department at Washington will also find itself involved, for the moneys in question could not have been obtained except from the Treasurer of the island, it could be drawn only upon a warrant approved by the Governor-General and allowed by the Auditor; and all these gentlemen were War Office appointees. It may be hoped that the scandal may now be probed to the bottom and will prove a warning to the Administration in the conduct of Colonial affairs.

Newfoundland is apparently once again making tentative overtures with a view to joining the Canadian Dominion. Is this movement at the instance of the Colonial Government or of Mr. Reid the millionaire contractor who has acquired so large a share of Newfoundland's birthright? In any case it would be well to know that Newfoundland had decided to seek political and financial salvation within the four corners of the Canadian Constitution. As in Australia so in Newfoundland: the interests of the colony have been jeopardised by the pretensions of local politicians. New Zealanders and others who hesitate or refuse to join the Australian Commonwealth have not laid the simple lessons of Newfoundland history to heart. The colony would have been saved much humiliation in the last ten years if it had been less self-sufficient. Even the French shore question might have been settled ere now.

The Convention for the Preservation of Wild Animals in Africa will apply to a zone between 20 degrees North of the Equator to 15 degrees South, and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. With the exception of prohibiting from time to time all hunting for specified periods, all possible means seem to be recommended for carrying out the object in view, but there remains the question how far they can be enforced. The Powers undertake to prohibit the hunting of certain rare or useful animals, of certain animals while young, such as elephants, of the females of certain specified species, and to a certain extent of any females except

those of scheduled harmful animals, such as lions, and of females when accompanied by their young. Reserves are to be established where it shall be unlawful to hunt any animals except such as are exempted by the local authorities. These authorities are also to fix close seasons; hunters are to hold licences; and various "unsportsmanlike" methods of capture are to be prohibited. Export duties are to be imposed on the hides and skins of giraffes, antelopes, zebras, rhinoceroses and hippopotami, and on horns and tusks.

The hunting and killing of young elephants is prohibited with severe penalties against the hunters and confiscation in every case of all elephant tusks weighing less than 5 kilogrammes. Schedule V. stands out as the exceptional case where the object is to destroy and not to preserve. It includes lions, leopards and hyænas and other such animals, harmful monkeys, otters, large birds of prey with some exceptions, crocodiles, poisonous snakes and pythons. The contracting parties agree to promulgate these measures for carrying out the convention within a year, they are to encourage the domestication of zebras, elephants and ostriches, and the Convention is to remain in force for 15 years and so on from year to year unless any party, twelve months before the expiration of that period, "denounces" it. It may be hoped that this new "Game Law" will check that devastation of animal life in Central Africa which has been so deplorable in the North and South.

The proposal before the London County Council for the establishment of a steamboat service on the Thames ought to receive careful and impartial consideration. For many years private companies worked a service with profitable results, but since the disaster to the "Princess Alice" in 1878 evil days have fallen upon them, three having gone into liquidation. Their failure may have been due largely to mismanagement, but it is also the fact that the existing piers and landing places do not meet the present requirements of the traffic. Until suitable landing places are provided no satisfactory service is possible. The County Council as owners of the bridges and embankments are in a favourable position for dealing with this matter, but they can scarcely be expected to incur the necessary outlay unless they also obtain from Parliament powers to work a steamboat service. A final judgment however on the merits of the proposal cannot be formed until the financial particulars of the scheme are published.

It is satisfactory to find that the intervention of Parliament has had some practical result in compelling the London School Board to recognise and discharge its liabilities as to the housing of such working people as are displaced by demolition preliminary to the building of new schools. The report of the Works Committee presented on Thursday last shows that steps have been taken to provide housing accommodation for some 1,620 persons of the labouring class, being the number displaced under school building schemes scheduled in 1899 and the four previous sessions. The Board is now asking the Home Office to allow it to pull down houses in Mile End and Bethnal Green without waiting for the completion of new dwellings for those displaced. There may be reason for granting this leave in very exceptional cases, but we trust that the Home Office will look very narrowly into the matter before complying with the Board's request. There is no reason to fear that the Home Secretary will not do so after his experience of the Board's past paltry attempt to evade the law. The conduct of the Board and its officials was more than evasion, it was fraud: morally if not legally. It was worthy of the intellectual standard of this Board of educationists to think they were promoting public welfare by increasing "school-places" at the cost of aggravating the greatest social evil in London, perhaps in England, overcrowding.

How much discomfort and ill temper the east wind is responsible for everyone knows too well, but we must recognise its services when it appears by chance as a public benefactor. It has actually during the week saved for us the precious possession

of the National Gallery, or at least one of its most precious departments, the Turner Room. At and adjoining the western end of the Gallery is a building, the lower floor of which is a jeweller's shop and the upper an artist's studio; on the top of this is the well-known flimsy and inflammable kind of structure which at once suggests the photographer. Very naturally it caught fire and the one critical question in the circumstances was—where is the wind? It happened to be in the East, and this and the fortunate promptness of the fire brigade saved the situation and the Gallery. Had the wind been South-West, or the fire brigade a little late, the Treasury would have been saved a great deal of bother from people who have long been asking for the Gallery to be disconnected from other buildings in order to save it from the very danger it has just escaped. The Treasury has been waiting for large and comprehensive schemes—clearances and improvements—of the County Council. The clearance of the whole of the National Gallery itself would have been on rather too grandiose a scale, and it would really be much better to do just as much pulling down as might render the Gallery safe in the meantime. Most people will be content to sacrifice a little symmetry if necessary in County Council improvements rather than run the risk of losing the Turner Room.

The stars in their courses and the steeds in theirs seem to be fighting for British imperialism this year. Hardly a synchronism, hardly an accident has been wanting that could impress the stamp of Empire upon the record of 1900. And the Prince of Wales' second Derby, down to the very name of the horse, fits in neatly enough with the general scheme. Interest in the Derby always extends considerably beyond the limits of the racing world, but this year the historic, we cannot bring ourselves to say "classic," race will appeal to hundreds of thousands who have never backed a horse or attended a race meeting, and even, we fear, to some who do not approve of these things. The Prince's victory comes pleasantly to a people intent on following the British progress through the Transvaal; for the Prince represents the Empire pure and simple. None but a Royal person can do that, for a statesman cannot wholly be dissociated from party and even a soldier necessarily stands for the army first. The Sovereign and the Prince, as a matter of simple fact, stand for the Empire one and undivided, representing no one of its aspects or sections more than another. They are a nation's personification, while a President is but its figure-head.

The first two days of the week were occupied on the Stock Exchange by the carry-over, and as the good news from South Africa had not arrived the attitude of the dealers was one of firm expectancy. On Wednesday came the glad tidings that Johannesburg and Pretoria were practically in our hands and the mines uninjured. Everything that the most sanguine bull had dreamed and hoped for had happened, yet there was nothing like a boom. Wednesday was Derby day and a good many people were away for one thing. Then Lord Rosslyn's telegram seemed too good to be true, and on Thursday was published Lord Roberts' cable, which nobody could understand, and which raised doubts as to whether Johannesburg was really ours. Altogether the great event was rather a "foozle." Rand Mines rose from 39, the making-up price, to 42½, Crown Reefs from 13½ to 16½, East Rands from 7½ to 8, and Gold Fields from 7½ to 8½. The prices of Kaffirs, however, are bound to rise steadily, even if there is no boom; for the mining industry has got rid of the nightmare that has been oppressing it for the last five years. American rails are still uninteresting, and the dollar rise all round sums up the position fairly well. Australian Mines are still suspected, and encouraged by success the bears have even dared to attack Golden Horseshoes, which have fallen from 11½ to 10½. Ivanhoes have got their scandal over, and have paid a dividend of 5s., which has been recovered, and the shares are unchanged at 9. Cool observers think that prices are below values now, and that after a few weeks' rest this market will recover. Consols are strong, and rose to 103½.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF PEACE.

THE difficulties of the war have been great: the difficulties of the peace will be greater. In war the victory of the stronger combatant is only a question of time, in modern war, of a very short time, of months. But the successful government and assimilation of the conquered by the conquerors may never be accomplished, and is certain to take time and trouble. Speaking recently at a dinner in the City Mr. Asquith cited the Dominion of Canada as an instance of the successful welding together of a group of colonies, in which two races, the English and the French, had to be conciliated. Not a trace of racial animosity survives, exclaimed Mr. Asquith in effect. This is just one of those "smooth comforts false" which statesmen are fond of repeating (with our incurable habit of self-laudation) and which are "worse than true wrongs." It is not the truth that no trace of racial dislike between the French and English Canadians has survived the settlement of 1839. The contrary is the fact. The mistake of allowing the French language to be used officially along with English has helped to divide the British and French into two communities, which to this day are socially and politically distinct. The difference of religion—more than 90 per cent. of French Canadians being Roman Catholics—has co-operated with those of race and language to divide Upper and Lower Canada. In the cities of Quebec and Montreal the English and French inhabit different quarters of the town, they hardly ever mingle in society, and they rarely intermarry. It is only in parliament and in business that they meet, and then each as a rule speaks his own tongue. Very similar difficulties confront us in South Africa. The Dutch, of course, are Protestants, but of a type which has happily been ever unpopular in England; and there is the great difficulty of language. It is to be hoped that the statesmen who are about to address themselves to the appeasement and consolidation of South Africa will profit by the experience of Canada. No greater blunder could be committed than to permit the continuance of Dutch as an official language. This indulgence has been the cause of a great deal of the disloyalty in Cape Colony. No one of course would suggest that the Dutch schools should be dealt with unfairly, or differently from British schools. But a large proportion of grown-up Boers speak English now, and so soon as it is decided that English shall be the only language in the legislature and the law courts, a Dutch-speaking boy will be at a disadvantage in the struggle for life. We do not say that Dutch will not linger in the country districts, but it will gradually become rarer until it will be spoken only by "the fringe," as Welsh, Irish and Gaelic in these islands. We are strongly in favour of discontinuing the official use of Dutch in the Cape Colony, where a good many of our Dutch fellow-subjects have behaved in a manner which deprives them of any title to consideration. But the language question is only one of the difficulties that stare us in the face. In area the Transvaal and Orange Free State are roughly speaking equal to four-fifths of France, while their total population, including natives, is about a million. A large and thinly populated kingdom presents almost as many difficulties to the governor as it does to the general. We owe it to the Boers and the blacks to protect them, their persons and their property, against the influx of "Uitlanders" that will now take place: and they will need that protection. It is idle to ignore the fact that the population of Johannesburg before the war was not composed of the cream of the different countries from which it was drawn. It was a cosmopolitan crew, with a large element of black-guardism, which regarded the British flag as "a valuable asset." This was inevitable, for a mining centre is never organised quite on the lines of Plato's ideal society. But now that the fighting is over, this cosmopolitan crowd will return in larger numbers than ever, and we should be sorry for Boer and black if these gentry were given a free hand to work out the salvation of the new British provinces. It will require all the firmness of the new British governors and their officials, and all the assistance of the leading members of the mining industry, to keep

the new citizens (for Uitlanders they will be no longer) in order. Then it will be necessary to protect the new immigrants from one another. Many young men who went out to fight will remain to make their fortunes, or to try to do so. It is obvious that all the hopes that are stirring the blood of the young in the morning-flush of our triumph cannot be satisfied. It is a delusion to suppose that the Orange Free State and the Transvaal are rich in the sense that the Argentine is a rich country. The rolling veldt, of which we hear so much, is not like the prairie, lush pasture or a great wheat-growing soil. Much of it is arid and practically valueless. The rush of adventurers will inevitably bring in its train, and that within a measurable distance of time, failures, disappointments, and their sad attendants, the poverty and crime of the old world. Annexation is no longer a burning question: it is, as we write, virtually an accomplished fact. But it must not be handled in a spirit of exultation, still less of vindictiveness. With the instinct of an Imperial people, let us approach it soberly, and with a solemn consciousness of the difficulties, some of which we have tried to adumbrate.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

Lord Roberts' progress during the past week has been phenomenal, and has clearly shown that the Boer military system is unable to cope with a really mobile and disciplined army on a large scale. Our advance into the Transvaal has been bewildering in its rapidity even to us here in England. How much more therefore to our discomfited antagonists!

As to the actual details of this eventful week, a telegram from Wolvenhoek on the 26th announced that our advanced guard had crossed the Vaal near Parys, and that General Ian Hamilton's column was then at Boshbank, twenty miles to the north-east. An elaborate transfer of troops from one flank to the other must therefore have taken place within a few days of this event. Not long before General Ian Hamilton was operating on Lord Roberts' right. This rapid and unforeseen change must have largely disconcerted the Boer plans, and so rendered our passage of the Vaal a less difficult operation than otherwise it might have been. On the 26th Lord Roberts, who apparently had with him a cavalry brigade, some colonial troops and the divisions of Generals Tucker and Pole-Carew, marched to Klip River—a distance of twenty miles from the Vaal and eighteen from Johannesburg. As usual the enemy had prepared several positions to oppose his advance; but, as has generally happened since the contest has been carried into the Transvaal itself, they hastily abandoned these on the approach of our troops. So hardly indeed were they pressed that they had only just time to dash into a train with their guns, and steam off as the Australian mounted infantry reached the station. The effect of this occupation was good, since a large number of farmers near our line of advance surrendered both their horses and arms. At the same time, it should be added, the combined forces of Generals Ian Hamilton and French were operating some ten miles to the left. Once more continuing his advance, Lord Roberts reached Germiston on the evening of the 29th without being seriously opposed. The Boers apparently had not expected him there till the following day and thus had failed to remove all their railway plant; no contemptible addition to our resources. General Ian Hamilton's column was despatched to work round the west of the town in support of General French's cavalry. The latter on the other hand was directed to proceed northwards near the road leading to Pretoria. No report is as yet to hand from General French; but General Ian Hamilton—on whom apparently fell the brunt of the fighting—found his further advance blocked at about 1 P.M. by some Boers strongly posted on a line of kopjes three miles south of the Rand. They had with them two heavy guns, as well as several field guns and pom-poms. General Ian Hamilton at once attacked. On his right his attack was led by the Gordons and on his left by the City Imperial Volunteers. After capturing one extremity of the ridge, the Gordons wheeled round and

worked along it till the enemy, who fought most obstinately, were at length driven off. This however did not take place till after dark. General Ian Hamilton speaks highly of the conduct of the City Imperial Volunteers, but reserves the highest praise for the Gordons on whom fell the chief burden of the action, and to whom, unhappily, fell the largest share of casualties. This force is now at Florida—due west of Johannesburg—while General French is a few miles to the north-east, and General Gordon's cavalry brigade, the mounted infantry and the 7th Division are holding the heights on the north of the town. Lastly the 11th Division with the heavy artillery remains with Lord Roberts' headquarters on the south of Johannesburg, which is thus practically surrounded. Moreover our forces have now obtained possession of the junction which connects Johannesburg with Natal, Pretoria, and Klerksdorp. The town on the 29th was said to be quiet, and the long-threatened mines entirely uninjured. Lord Roberts' original idea was to summon the Commandant and demand surrender in the morning, entering the town himself at noon. In answer to a flag of truce, the Commandant accordingly waited on him during the morning of the 30th, and begged him to defer his entry into the town for twenty-four hours, as many armed burghers were still within it. To this proposition Lord Roberts agreed, as he was anxious to avoid disturbances, and as bodies of Boers were still holding some hills in the neighbourhood of the town from which they would have to be dislodged. It was not therefore till 2 p.m. on the 31st that Lord Roberts entered the town. Meanwhile from unofficial sources comes a story which does not exactly tally with Lord Roberts' account. It is to the effect that Pretoria itself was expected to surrender on the 30th without resistance, and that Mr. Kruger had fled to Waterfall Boven—150 miles east of Pretoria and south of the Lydenburg district—leaving Burgomaster De Souza to receive Lord Roberts. Meanwhile in his rear General Kelly-Kenny has been left at Bloemfontein, and General Colville at Winburg; while General Rundle, whose force occupied Senekal on the 24th, and who is now in communication with General Brabant, reports that he attacked a large force of Boers on the 28th. There now seem to be five columns—those of Lord Roberts, Sir Redvers Buller, Sir A. Hunter, Sir F. Carrington and General Baden-Powell—converging on the heart of the Transvaal, one only of which has already reached its destination. As regards the others, Sir Redvers Buller on the 30th reported that the Boers, who had formed a laager at Dornberg, were pressing his right. Accordingly on the 30th he despatched one force under General Hildyard to Utrecht—which surrendered at his approach—and another to Dornberg under General Lyttelton. These operations had the effect of making the Boers at Dornberg retire northwards. At the same time General Clery was bombarding Laing's Nek; but, as the Boers were much disheartened and were not occupying a particularly strong position, Sir Redvers did not anticipate that they would show much fight. The railway to Newcastle was opened on the 28th. From the West we have heard that Sir A. Hunter reached Vryburg on the 24th; and from General Baden-Powell we have heard that the railway between Mafeking and Bulawayo has been completely restored, and that supplies are being brought up by it. He also notices the admirable work of the Canadian artillery, who pushed up from Beira with incredible rapidity. Now it is to be presumed that General Baden-Powell is hastening eastwards.

How long the struggle may last, it is still impossible to foretell. That no organised resistance on a large scale can now be offered us may be taken for granted. With Pretoria, Johannesburg and the Lorenço Marques railway in our hands—as all these soon should be—the supplies necessary for carrying on an extensive campaign will no longer be within reach of the Boers.

WILL THERE BE A DISSOLUTION?

IT is an open secret that Mr. Chamberlain is in favour of an immediate appeal to the country, and what Mr. Chamberlain thinks to-day the Cabinet is

very apt to think to-morrow. When we use the adjective immediate we mean a dissolution the moment that peace is permanently assured. With Johannesburg in the hands of our troops, and the Boer executive a dissolving view of anarchy, it is impossible to regard a continuance of hostilities as serious, though Mr. Kruger and a handful of die-in-the-last-ditchers might keep up a show of resistance in the Lydenburg district for a short time. But assuming, as we think we are entitled to do, that the last embers of the struggle are stamped out by the middle of June, we gather that it is the wish of the Colonial Secretary that there should be a General Election in July. There are said to be certain grave obstacles in the way of such a step. It is very commonly believed that Lord Salisbury is not desirous of continuing in another Administration the very arduous duties which have devolved upon him in his joint capacity of Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister. The strain of the last five years has been exceptional and it has fallen almost exclusively upon the shoulders of one man. The difficulties with Russia and China in the Far East, the Fashoda crisis, and the task of keeping the other Powers neutral during the South African war, would have tried the nerves of a younger man than Lord Salisbury. Should it be true that the Premier wishes to retire, it will be necessary to come to some decision as to his successor, or rather successors, and it is quite certain that this has not been done. There is a rumour, which is better founded than most of the kind, that negotiations have been opened with Lord Rosebery with a view to his taking the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in a new Imperialist Government, and Lord Rosebery would of course bring in some of his friends. We do not know whether these things, or any of them, are true, wholly or in part. They may be the random gossip of society and clubs, though they do not seem to us to be intrinsically incredible. If questions of domestic change are to give place in the immediate future to questions of foreign and colonial policy, it is plain that nothing separates Lord Rosebery from the present leaders of the Unionist party, and that his acceptance of the Secretanship of Foreign Affairs would solve a difficulty. Without pretending to any secret or superior information, we are very certain that if such questions as who is to be the next Prime Minister and who is to be the next Secretary for Foreign Affairs are being discussed, there ought to be no dissolution until they are settled, which will not be by July.

Apart from these considerations, we hope that there will not be an election before the late autumn. The situation in South Africa is extremely critical, though the fighting be over. Lord Roberts has done his work, as only he could do it: it is now for Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner to do theirs. In another article in this Review we have sketched some of the difficulties that confront the statesman after arms have given place to the gown. He would be a cynic or an ignoramus who should deny that the political problems in South Africa require the undivided attention of Mr. Chamberlain and the Cabinet. How can that undivided attention be given in the midst of a General Election? A mistake at this moment in the readjustment of interests and the reorganisation of government may be fraught with incalculable mischief in the future. How can Mr. Chamberlain concentrate his mind on the latest cablegram from Sir Alfred Milner, if he is preparing and delivering khaki speeches at Birmingham? It is a very serious matter for the Cabinet to be dispersed and engaged in electioneering at a moment when their deliberate judgment will be required almost constantly. It is true that some scheme of military administration for the conquered provinces might be patched up in a fortnight. But that is just the danger which we wish to prevent, for maladministration by incompetent officials was exactly what led to the Boer rebellion in 1881. There is another objection to an immediate dissolution, though it will not find much favour in the eyes of Ministers, or those who hope to be Ministers, or those who blindly support Ministers. An appeal to the constituencies in a moment

of pardonable excitement like the present would result in the practical extinction of the Radical party. If Parliament were dissolved next week, we doubt if the electors would return a hundred Radicals to Westminster. This is a Tory Review, but such a prospect fills us with dismay. It is an evil for one party to be omnipotent and the other powerless in both Chambers. A khaki Parliament would run its seven years out, of course, but we doubt whether its record would be glorious or even creditable, and it would surely produce a violent reaction of political feeling in the nation. If the Government are determined, as we hope they are, to set South Africa going again before they dissolve, there can be no election until October. Whether it should take place then, or in the spring of 1901 is a matter on which the Cabinet may fairly exercise its discretion, having an eye to those party advantages to which Ministers are not expected to be superior.

THE POSITION IN FRANCE.

HOW far the change of War Ministers in France may affect the future of the Cabinet it is not easy to foresee. The Palais Bourbon never forms a happy field for the ingenuity of the political prophet. But General de Gallifet's successor is not altogether an unknown quantity. He has shown himself superior to the prejudices of his military surroundings by nominating for promotion a deserving officer who had the courage to give evidence in favour of Dreyfus, and he was the first commandant to exclude the viler prints of the gutter press from the barracks under his control. General de Gallifet in extending the order to the whole of France was following the example which General André had the courage to set. There is therefore good ground for believing that there will be no weakening in the determination of the responsible chief to check all attempts to incite insubordination and intrigue in the War Office and the Army itself. We cannot venture to anticipate that the latent hostility towards the politicians of the Third Republic existing among the higher ranks of the military profession will give place to any friendly feelings. General de Gallifet, in addition to his undoubtedly weak state of health, must have found his position at last well nigh intolerable, but the party of order owes him a heavy debt. During his term of office he has eliminated the worst offenders from positions where they had become dangerous. Whatever the future may have in store for France it is to a representative of the old aristocracy that she owes at least temporary salvation from the anarchy that threatened her last year.

The future of the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry is still, however, dubious enough. Twice during the last fortnight it has been supported by majorities of fifty, but on Monday it was in a very tight place and undoubtedly owed its salvation to the timely intervention of M. Bourgeois. That gentleman, who had already won the respect of Europe by his tact at the Hague Conference, will have enhanced his reputation by the excellent good sense of his speech during the recent debate. As he pointed out, it is not merely a Ministry but the Republic itself which is on trial, and the majority had the wisdom to recognise it. The chagrin of M. Meline and his friends is the measure of his success. In M. Bourgeois the present régime is lucky enough to have a force which its opponents must reckon with and so long as he remains stalwart, the Ministry may survive. It must not be forgotten that it was to the business and energy of this politician, who was Préfet of Police in 1887, that Paris owed immunity from an outbreak at the time of President Grévy's resignation. The Republic has shown such remarkable capacity for devouring its own children that M. Bourgeois' survival as a force in politics is a piece of good luck for which it cannot be sufficiently thankful. But further furious assaults on the Ministry are impending and, even if these should be warded off, who knows what may happen when the legislative programme comes to be unfolded in detail?

As to the Amnesty Bill, it is far from ideal in the view of justice, but it is defensible from that of national well-being and, while sympathising with the feelings of M. Reinach, we hope it will pass. A discreditable episode

will thus be closed, not over-creditably indeed, but it will close, which is the best thing for France. The Press Bill should become law but we hardly anticipate that a Chamber composed as is the present one will have the courage to protect the Head of the State against the journalists, who have far more influence in public life. The newspaper reader too will resent the deprivation of his literary dram as he would that of his absinthe. In fact Frenchmen have small care for the reputations of politicians who often show little enough for their own. The one living force in France which appeals to every Frenchman high and low is the Army and that is the only institution on which he resents injurious comment. They who are acquainted with French society recognise how much the existing bitterness of Frenchmen against this country is due to the unexampled fury of the campaign carried on by our newspapers during the Dreyfus case. Even the mildest feels attacks on the Army as we feel insults to our Head of the State. It would be well for the amenity of international relations if we were to recognise this somewhat more amply. The remainder of the Government programme is purely the outcome of its alliance with the Socialists. The Bills regarding associations and obligatory public instruction are merely sops to those whose "Socialism" is really Jacobinism under another name, whose statesmanship consists in hostility to the Church and the subversion of existing institutions. Herein lies the danger of a Ministry many of whose individual members have shown the highest capacity as administrators.

The French Socialist has no resemblance to his German or English namesake. His "social programme" is purely destructive, and an analysis of the voters for "Socialist" candidates leads to the conclusion that "Socialism" and "Nationalism" are both signs of the same disease, discontent with the Republic and desire for change. Departments which returned Boulangist candidates now return Socialists. In this the Departments, not Paris, have taken the lead, but the majority of the party of disorder in the metropolis which formerly voted Boulangist and Socialist now votes Nationalist. This is the simple explanation of what appears a bewildering problem. In the Municipal elections throughout France the Socialist party has maintained its position and elected its mayors. In Bordeaux, it is true, it disappears but only because the Republican and "Socialist" programme has been fused in local politics as it has in national politics by the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry. The alliance between Radicalism and Jacobinism thus makes another step in advance and herein arises another grave danger for the Republic. Its more moderate supporters are becoming alarmed and may seek salvation in an alliance with Monarchism or Cæsarism. This has been exemplified more than once since the election of 1898, when fifty-seven Jacobin "Socialists" were returned to the Chamber. If it once becomes clear that the choice lies between Jacobinism and Monarchism the Republic is doomed. The real controlling factor of the future is the Army and the Army as a whole has given no sign. The majority of Frenchmen vote Republican because they fear Jacobinism and despise the Royalists, the persons not the policy, but vast numbers are not sufficiently interested to vote at all. The Republic exists solely because it has as yet no commanding competitor, but the life of the present Government, which has won respect abroad for which France should be grateful, hangs on Jacobin votes and has no real popularity. That such scenes as have disgraced the last week should occur "en pleine Exposition" in a Paris crowded with foreigners is ominous for the future, when material interests will no longer counsel comparative prudence.

THE "BELLEISLE" EXPERIMENTS.

TWENTY-TWO years ago when, after a decade of misplaced reduction of naval expenditure, we seemed on the verge of war with Russia and the Admiralty became nervous as to our power of maintaining command of the sea, the Government of that day bought up several war vessels being built in this country

for foreign States. Among them was the "Paykisheef" constructed for Turkey by Messrs. Samuda on the Thames and renamed "Belleisle" after acquisition by the British Government. She and the "Orion"—which also passed into our hands—were two small ironclads of 4,800 tons carrying four 25-ton muzzle-loading guns in a box battery amidships, protected by 10 inches of wrought-iron armour. Below this the water-line has an additional 2 inches protection, the armour then diminishing in thickness towards the ends of the vessel. The heavy weight entailed by this box battery on such limited dimensions, and at a considerable height above the water-line, affected her stability under certain conditions; and these two vessels have never been considered fit for general service. The design was faulty also in concentrating the armament in a small enclosed space; for though the greater portion was covered with thick armour the ports, necessarily large for such guns, constituted weak points, and in the event of a heavy shell finding an entrance by this means, and bursting inside the battery, all four guns would probably be put out of action. Hence the favour accorded to double turrets some distance apart, and containing a pair of guns, which marked our naval construction when the weight of ordnance had necessitated such a limitation of numbers.

A vessel that has only the attributes of a floating battery is obviously of no great value to the British Navy; but the Admiralty has only recently struck the "Belleisle" off the effective list, and on Saturday last put her to some use as an experimental target. For about ten minutes she was subjected to a rapid and heavy fire from the main and auxiliary armaments of the "Majestic" flagship of the Channel Squadron. Stationary and unable to reply no wonder she succumbed in a short time. What appeared to be dense masses of smoke gave every indication of her being on fire in several places. This is now stated to have been escaping steam from a perforated pipe—for she had steam up at the time—and there are doubts whether the wooden decks and fittings did burn so furiously as first reported.

The fact is that it is impossible to reproduce the conditions of an action with the personal element absent. A stationary ship with a dummy crew is a mere target which will only afford lessons of value if treated as an armourplate, deliberately attacked and every round noted. The shots poured into the "Belleisle" in ten minutes might with advantage have been spread over the day, culminating in a three minutes' bombardment from all guns after the individual effect of each type had been ascertained. We want to know the effect of a single 12-inch shell bursting inside a ship; what amount of armour will render it harmless, the chances of striking any particular part from a ship in motion, and the relative destructive effect of different projectiles. Similar information would then result from the use of the auxiliary armament. Most valuable results followed such a procedure when the old ironclad "Resistance" was subjected to a course of similar experiments, but we are afraid that in the case of the "Belleisle" we shall learn little more than the power of modern artillery, for the wreckage produced prevented any discrimination as to the several points on which information is desired.

IRELAND—A NEW DEPARTMENT AND A NEW DEPARTURE.

IT is to the honour of Lord Salisbury's Government but more particularly of Mr. Balfour and the present Chief Secretary that the same administrators who have severely repressed lawlessness have of their own motion devised measures and efficacious measures which were not clamoured for but were needed. The Act passed in August 1899 creating a Department of Agriculture and Technical Industry for Ireland was not passed in response to popular clamour; but it was passed upon the practical and well-considered suggestion of able Irishmen who represented both political parties. The credit of it belongs officially to Mr. Gerald Balfour but really—as Mr. Balfour would no doubt gladly admit—to Mr. Horace Plunkett and to the idea which it has been his life work to put into

practice. Individual effort under modern conditions of the agricultural market is futile; victory goes to organised effort; and organised effort for an industrial purpose is an effort that can be made on purely non-political lines.

When Mr. Plunkett first propounded his idea of united action between Irishmen of all creeds parties and classes for a definite national object, there were already proofs forthcoming of what could be done. Voluntary associations had revolutionised the butter-making industry. But every agricultural industry had to compete not merely with organised production abroad but with production organised and fostered by State aid and under State direction. The first fruits of Mr. Plunkett's idea was the Recess Committee's report which recommended the formation of a department, and the best tribute to the intelligence of the Committee's work is that its draft scheme passed within five years almost unaltered on to the statute book. Mr. Plunkett reaped the appropriate fruit of his energy in being permitted to devote himself to the carrying out of his own idea: yet there was a finer reward in the consensus of opinion that he was not only the absolutely fit man for the post but a man whose labour had been directed to anything rather than to personal advancement.

The theory of the Act was simple, its operation is a trifle complex. It created a department of permanent officials nominated by Government which should spend a revenue of about £150,000 provided by Government for purposes broadly defined by the Act. But in the spending of the money the department was to be subject in some measure to popular control, exercised through two boards of elected unpaid members, elected by a Council of Agriculture which is itself partially elected on the widest existing franchise. As to the Board of Technical Education which is in part elected by county boroughs nothing need be said here. The Board of Agriculture was elected on Tuesday last by the Council which met then for the first time and so to say formally embodied the principle of the Act. Every county in Ireland is represented by three members on the Council of Agriculture. Of these, two are elected and one is nominated by the department. Thus there comes into being a body of 102 representatives (for Cork and Tipperary each count as two counties) and of the 102 two-thirds are elected. The Council's first business is to resolve itself into four provincial committees and each committee elects two representatives to the Board. To the eight thus named the department adds four and there is created a board of twelve representatives having power to control any expenditure of the department by veto, but without power to initiate expenditure. Having completed these elections the Council meets under the presidency of the Chairman (the President or Vice-President of the department) for purposes of discussion, with no power to do anything but make suggestions or pass resolutions. It is obvious that the whole value of such a body depends on the spirit in which it goes about its work. Now the cardinal principle of Mr. Plunkett's whole work is that the effort to organise and develop national industries should be made without reference to politics. His first act as virtual chief of the department (the Chief Secretary exercising a nominal control as President) was to appoint as permanent secretary to the department Mr. T. P. Gill, sometime a Nationalist member, who had done extremely valuable service on the Recess Committee and was a man of ability with very full knowledge of the work of similar departments on the Continent and elsewhere. The counties in returning their representatives to the Council responded upon the whole creditably to the example set them and several Unionists were sent up by popular choice from Nationalist centres: while the department in nominating its third of the members took account of nothing but competence as to the interests in hand. Connaught alone of the provinces sent up representatives chosen chiefly for their political views. In the election of members to the Board the Roman Catholic hierarchy obtained an unreasonable preponderance, two bishops being named out of the eight members: and in the discussion a priest, Father M'Loughlin, at once introduced a resolution to the effect that the depart-

ment should apply its funds to the conversion of pasture land into tillage allotments—a purpose which the Roman Catholic hierarchy has greatly at heart, and one which Mr. Plunkett had declared in his opening address to be outside the scope of the department's action. Still upon the whole the discussion was business-like and promising. The members of the Council began well by adopting a scale of compensation for their hotel and travelling expenses lower than that which the department professed itself willing to pay; and the great majority of the speakers were concerned with objects that could by no construction be made political. It is the more to be regretted that the Unionist party in Ireland have shown an absolute intolerance of Mr. Plunkett's toleration and propose to deprive him of his seat for South Dublin on account of Mr. Gill's appointment. If the threat which has been officially made be executed, it will deprive the landlord party of much sympathy among intelligent men.

There is no space here to discuss the detailed ways in which the new department may do good; the precedent of Canada for instance, which was expounded to the Council by a great expert, Professor Robertson, is more than encouraging. But it may be pointed out that the Act requires amendment. None of the revenue provided under it can be expended in the districts scheduled as "Congested," yet many of its minor objects overlap with the working of the Congested Districts Board. The Inspectors of Fisheries for instance have an official position in both departments and have to spend money under each, but they will require a separate clerical staff and organisation for laying out money on the East coast from that which deals with fisheries on the West. Again breeding of poultry, bee-keeping and other subsidiary industries are to be promoted by both departments but with a separate personnel. It would be far better to pass a short Act transferring from the Congested Districts Board the fishery branch and all its minor functions—its development of homespuns, lace and crochet making and other cottage industries—and handing them over to the new department; transferring at the same time a sufficient portion of the endowment. The Congested Districts Board would thus be left free to deal exclusively with its main problem, the re-settlement of overcrowded and ill-organised estates—a problem which already makes more demands on its energy than can be met—and the other objects would gain by coming under an organisation which could deal with them for Ireland as a whole. As things stand, the Congested Districts Board would have one organisation for improving the breed of poultry in the west of Donegal, while the new department would be engaged on the same laudable object in the east, and combination, if it could be effected, could only work with an endless complication of debtor and creditor accounts.

THE CLIMATE AND HEALTH OF JOHANNESBURG.

THE whole of the Free State, and the southern half of the Transvaal, consist of wide, treeless, rolling grass plains. Across them ox-waggons travel like ships on the open sea; the railway stretches like a brown thread; and even an army in close formation, seen from a kopje at the distance of a few miles, looks little more than a snake winding its way through the veld. Bloemfontein and Kimberley stand at an altitude of about four thousand feet in the midst of the great plateau. North of these towns the country almost imperceptibly rises until the Witwatersrand is reached. This range—Rand—or ridge of hills traverses the country from east to west and is the north-eastern boundary of the plateau. The Witwatersrand is the watershed of the country. To the south the Orange and its tributaries flow through a healthy open country to the Atlantic. To the north the Crocodile runs swiftly down through valleys rich with a tropical luxuriance of growth and deadly in the summer months with malarial fever. Through the Witwatersrand from east to west for twenty-five miles the main gold reef lies. Its course is marked to view by isolated groups

of houses, huts, and mining headgear ; marked to the ear by the ceaseless roar of the batteries, which on a still summer night is heard for miles across the veld like the dull thunder of the Indian Ocean off the coast of Natal. In the centre of the Main Reef line stands Johannesburg. The fort on Hospital Hill which is slightly raised above the town stands at an altitude of 5,600 feet. The main body of the town itself is about 100 feet lower. Thus the lowest part of it is more than 1,000 feet above the summit of Table Mountain. The climate which this position gives is ideal. It is the hill climate of the tropics, than which the world contains nothing more delightful. The buoyancy of a mountain atmosphere with but little of its rigour has an exhilarating effect, stimulating alike to health and energy, which no other part of South Africa enjoys to the same extent. The languor of the coast is almost unknown. The atmosphere is as transparent as the ultimate ether, and the brilliant sunlight of the day is only rivalled by the splendour of the night. When the moon is up no other light is required and the Boer with his waggon travels more by night than by day. The starlight serves when the moon fails.

The rainfall is abundant but comes down for the most part in heavy storms in the summer. It is usual during January and February, two of the hottest summer months, to have one or two series of some three days' heavy and continuous rain. But the rain once down the sun again reigns supreme. Preceding the thunder storms in summer, and sometimes for days together in the winter, dust, the one drawback to perennial magnificence of climate, becomes a trying feature in the health and happiness of life. Johannesburg has not the fog, slushy snows and eternal rain of other lands. But it has its dust storm. Sometimes for minutes together the opposite side of the street is blotted from sight by a blinding wall of moving red sand. The unfortunate wayfarer with difficulty struggles along—now partially opening one eye, and now the other, he gropes his way ; his mouth, eyes, ears, hair, clothes, filled with grinding particles of sand. When he gets home even his house affords but a partial shelter—the finer particles of a South Africa dust storm drift in every room and every cupboard. Dust is swallowed with the soup at dinner ; it lies on the pillow at night ; in the morning it floats a thin film on the water of the bath. But this is an occasional not a constant nuisance, and it is largely to be controlled by mending the roads. In fact dust is only to a very small extent to be regarded as a climatic defect. The winds, the tormenting half-gales of the High Veld, which are so common through the winter, in whatever other way they may try mankind only produce dust in any great quantity where roads or débris heaps occur. The veld itself although only loosely knit together by a tufted vegetation of rank grass is sufficiently compact to resist almost entirely the winds that sweep it. At times it is true even the veld has dust storms—what dry country has not in the presence of a gale?—but they are trifling compared to the dust storm of Johannesburg.

From nature then man has little to complain of. The climate of the high veld in the Transvaal on which Johannesburg is situated is almost perfect. It is man himself that is vile. Mortality in Johannesburg is high for two reasons. The one is abominable sanitation, the other an indifferent water supply. Typhoid is the Nemesis of these defects. Both are capable of remedy. Epidemics of typhoid occur periodically in the summer and autumn in Johannesburg and along the mines. These are preventable, but hitherto the inhabitants of Johannesburg have been denied all control of their own municipal affairs. Rich revenues contributed for municipal purposes by the Uitlanders have been principally used in other directions, and what little has gone to the town has been administrated by a board, on which the controlling power was of the ignorant Boer order, assisted by incompetent Boer officials. The result has been a heavy annual death roll from preventable disease, in numbers almost as great as those produced by the war. The devotion of town revenues to town requirements, under the administration of an educated, representative and honest town council, will rapidly reform sanitation, facilitate the improvement of the water supply,

and diminish the occurrence of preventable disease. This is one of the ends for which the Uitlanders have struggled without avail for ten years. Fortunately its attainment is at last nigh at hand. Of the country around Johannesburg it may fairly be said that it enjoys Johannesburg's advantages of climate without its disadvantages of sanitation. The land is in many places not only capable of cultivation but fertile and productive. Trees grow readily and many plantations have sprung up both in the various suburban townships and in the surrounding country. To the north of Johannesburg the land falls away rapidly, but among the slopes and valleys of this district there are many fertile spots, which would well repay cultivation.

Pretoria which is in this more broken country is two thousand feet lower than Johannesburg and has a warmer and less bracing climate. North-west of the Rand is the quaint little town of Rustenburg. Here an almost tropical luxuriance of vegetation is found and bananas and orange groves line the streets. The climate is warmer and more tropical in character but is nevertheless healthy. Malaria, which is scarcely known at Johannesburg, begins to be found in the low country north of Rustenburg and Pretoria, and in the valley of the Crocodile occurs at times severely. Yet in the winter this low district, the Bush Veld as the Boers call it, forms a delightful hunting ground. There the Boer with his waggon, his family and his herds, often sojourns through the winter months, moving from time to time to find fresh pasture for his herds or seek fresh game for his rifle. There is one feature in the climate common both to Low Veld and High Veld which is distinctive and unique, unique alike in its grandeur of effect and in its danger. It is the South African thunderstorm. This is perhaps most terrible when it courses along the summit of a range of hills such as the Witwatersrand. During such a storm there are moments when the air is a blaze of fire. The rain falls in such a deluge that the surface of the ground is like a lake. Between the flash and the report there is scarcely an interval and the peal of the thunder is almost one incessant roar.

COLOUR AT THE TEMPLE.

THE Royal Horticultural Society, venerable alike for its years and for its accomplishment, deserves well of us Londoners, surpassing well. Spring by spring it comes to us and opens Paradise in our midst. Our dear old London—the expression is no idle or affected one to many of us—has countless charms and virtues beyond question, beyond comparison. But even its devotees, once get them in a frank mood, have to admit a little too great a prevalence of sombreness—we will use no more offensive word—for quite an ideal city, nay, actually for quite a healthy city. The pure and discerning eye longs for colour. "Of all God's gifts to the sight of man," said Mr. Ruskin once in a prophetic ecstasy, "colour is the holiest : the purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love colour the most." The statement, like so many of Mr. Ruskin's, may be too absolute—so absolute that at once it sets us criticising, confuting, with a sharp touch of resentfulness in our tone. The utterance of the true prophet is often such, half unconsciously, half of determination. For the most part we are too dull and inert to be treated with pure reasonableness. But in the exaggeration lies vital truth, if we have patience to consider and wit to appreciate. Only undoubtedly colour is no rigid term capable of exact, narrow definition. It is a thing of multitudinous phases, some simple, some inexpressibly complex. The fashion goes nowadays for our superior counsellors to assure us that in no place on God's earth can colour so exquisite be revealed to human eyes as in London. Its fogs and its smoke as necessary conditions of this delectable state are things really to be thankful for—they bestow upon us such unequalled mystery and subtleties. Within limits there is truth in this, perverted and affected for the most part as are the men that pose and preach it to us. For Nature has inexhaustible patience and inexhaustible resources. Though we make the earth hideous with the work of our hands, kindly mother that she is she overrules our

machinations and insistently devises that beauty shall be over and about us still. But the little child has its lesson for us here as in so many things, if only we can humble ourselves and catch it—the little child with its exuberant delight in simple, unsullied reds, and blues, and greens, and glowing yellows. We need not forego our sophisticated combinations and effects, they too have their assured place rightly enough, fortunately enough, in the inexhaustible world of sensuous delight. Only we are tempted to dwell upon these curiosities too proudly, too fancifully. It is well now and again to quit them for a while, trying to regain something of the child's naïveté, to see clearly and to rejoice unhesitatingly in those frank, fresh tints which we have been seduced—ah! the pity and the folly of it!—almost into decrying as savage, vulgar, inartistic.

The Royal Horticultural Society certainly does not exist to discipline our artistic sense, to be our guide and monitor as to colour. Its patient, learned, ingenious mind is set on other ends than this, and its most subtle triumphs, legitimate as they may be from the horticultural and scientific point of view, sometimes have little in them that commends itself to the artistic sense, or even not a little that offends it. Yet of all the thousands of people who flocked last week into the Temple Gardens, some with this end in view, some with that, came there one whose first sensation on entering was any other than a thrill of delight at the feast of colour so lavishly spread there before him? By-and-by he would begin to examine things in detail as a gardener, as an amateur, as a botanist: but for the moment, as he pushed the tarpaulin aside and found himself under that mellow light face to face with those wide banks of calceolarias, rhododendrons, azaleas, pelargoniums, orchids, roses, it was assuredly for him colour, colour everywhere, at his feet and in the long stretching vista; and for the instant there was no room left for any other sensation.

So far as we ourselves are concerned, we here make frank confession that it was for the sake of experiencing this sensation, for that end and for no other, we took our way this year to the famous show, setting aside all claims of business and of duty that for an hour or two we might revel and steep our senses in this glowing fairyland. The spring was late, the sun had shone too sparingly on us this many a day, the east winds had nipped us to the core. Surely, surely we should be pardoned this weakness and sensuous indulgence: nay, we should return back into the grey world of work refreshed and strengthened. We do not think that we have been deceived by what might have seemed at the moment to a rigorist but specious excuses for idleness. That is why we said to start with the Royal Horticultural Society deserves so well of us Londoners, yes, of us all, be we gardeners and botanists or neither one nor the other, but mere toilers amid the universal dulness of modern town life. To see for a little space what vivid, unsullied colour is, in perhaps the most perfect form God has bestowed it on His mortal creation—and to see it, too, not sparingly in fragments, but in an amazing opulence—for the opportunity of all this who shall not ungrudgingly return thanks?

We do not pretend that peonies and rhododendrons are our favourite flowers, indeed they are very far from being our favourites. But when seen in large masses our experience of last week makes us a little reluctantly question whether any of their rivals have quite that same union of strength and delicacy, their full, rich crimsons deep and glowing as wine, their pure white petals flushing as they approach the flower's heart, soft and delicate as the rarest sea-shell. Set against these, even the azaleas strike one as a little hard and sudden in their contrasts. We are not speaking now of single blossoms set side by side and curiously examined: we are speaking of masses of blossom looked at in their general effect, as one may see them in a garden walk, or gathered bountifully for a decoration. It is a commonplace to say that one of the virtues of that strange order, the orchids, lies in their unapproachable brilliancy of colour; but it is a commonplace that needs consideration and qualification. As against such stalwart blossoms as the calceolarias, the cannas, the cactuses, the begonias, the tulips, a bank of orchids positively looks dull; the predominance of certain purples neither

rich nor choice effecting this unexpected result, while, for example, their unrivalled scarlets are confined to the smaller blossoms which tell but here and there as specks or stars. It is noticeable with all the larger flowers, when in their varieties they are grouped closely together, how predominant is the effect in every case of pure reds, and whites, and yellows, striking the eye in the simplest fashion conceivable as such spaces of colour strike it on an emblazoned shield. In nature no doubt, and we venture to think in the finest horticultural art, paying heed to Nature's suggestiveness a little more wisely than it has a tendency to do, this quite simple heraldic coloration would not be so obtrusive, so monotonous. As it is, viewed from a certain distance a group of cactuses or of cannas is really all one with a group of begonias or tulips—nay, almost with a group of azaleas or carnations. The rose alone, mistress and queen of flowers say what one will, to whose allegiance one returns at last in absolute submission after all seductions, seems to refuse to lend herself to this otherwise universal characteristic. Yes, you cannot force the rose to forego her leaves and her stems, and all the added loveliness these lend to her matchless blossoms. It is one of the amazing blindesses of our professional gardeners that they seem to have no sense of the value of leaves and stems, of the actual colour value of them, to set forth the colour of their flowers. In saying this we do not mean that the brilliancy of the flower needs some moderation and lowering. We mean quite the opposite. To enhance the brilliancy of the flower, to make its brilliancy tell for all that it is worth, one needs precisely this setting of contrasted stems and leaves.

We have enlarged on the delight, the healthfulness, of frank, strong colour, and have remarked how it is just this which a fine show of flowers give us so superlatively, so wholesomely too when our town eyes are little used to it, and our sophisticated tastes actually trained to forego it. But pure, frank, vivid colour is by no means all one with colour crude and raw. Let us take in our hands a yellow tulip, say, and consider it for a moment. We call it yellow indeed rightly enough: but from the effects of light upon its varying planes how many differing shades of yellow go, we find, to produce its charm for us, and how the brilliancy depends upon these variations, and upon the subtle greys that play about its surface. It is so with every flower however vivid, as it is with your lustrous jewel, or a gorgeous sky at sunset, or whatever else we may think of in nature that stands for wealth and splendour of coloration. Without decrying or interfering with the curious and miraculous results attained by the horticulturists, what a delightful thing it would be could we induce some of them to consider a little this fundamental principle of colour in the training of their plants, and in the exhibition of their glories. And surely this is no counsel of perfection, no mere fanciful refinement upon the beauty they already so lavishly bestow on us, and for which, even as it is, we are most sensibly, vociferously, grateful. The horticulturist has much that he can teach the artist—in this matter of colour, for example, he brings him back from his effete affectations and pseudo-refinements. But here in his turn the artist too has his message for the horticulturist. You seek to entrance us, he says, with splendour and sumptuousness of colour. An admirable ambition, and you have the choicest material in all creation wherewith to accomplish it! But you must observe Nature, my friend, more closely, before you learn her secrets to perfection, and the full secrets of your incomparable art. Believe me, she will reveal them and submit herself to you only by a more studious and intelligent obedience, a discerning obedience to her own subtle methods and eternal laws.

THE ACADEMY. IV.—SCULPTURE.

WHEN Lord Salisbury at the Banquet hazarded the guess that there was "not even a sculptor" in his Cabinet, it is unlikely that any of his hearers put to himself the question whether in England outside the Cabinet, we have any artist fully deserving that

name. But if we mean by the word one of those rare and extraordinary minds capable of designing in the round that have appeared at points in history, a man whose craft goes beyond putting together a plausible solid human figure or a characteristic likeness of a head, who can play a higher game with these forms, so that an arm is not only an arm, reasonable as that, not only a member of a body, vital as that, and not only a gesture, expressive as that, but before or after all these things a line, a mass related in an organism of pattern to the other lines and masses of the whole block; and related not fixedly, for one point of view, but infinitely, because as you turn round the block, its shape and the other shapes will infinitely vary: if the word sculptor is to mean the author of so stupendous an act of design, the answer must certainly be no. In this essential matter of design, the common basis of the two arts, painting is to sculpture as child's play. A painter has special difficulties in the rendering of design, in making good the perspective illusion and so forth, but whether in the more abstract or more highly illusive forms of the art, his task as a designer is infinitely freer and simpler. Simpler because he has one fixed point of view, and freer because in the more abstract forms of his art he may omit so much, and in the more realised he may conceal or modify so much of the form before him by expedients of tone.

But if veritable designing in the solid is a supreme test of the sense for form, mere point to point reproduction of a form in the round hardly deserves the name of art at all. The most elementary painting, involving as it does a translation from solid to flat, is a higher exercise of faculty. The sculptor who is only a copyist in clay of all the little facts in the form before him, attempts no more than a cast effects mechanically. A cast is the solid equivalent of a photograph; the sculptor who has no ideas beyond the cast, is the equivalent of the painter who copies form in the manner of the photograph. Every photographer, every cast-maker is an artist to the extent of the taste he employs in the general disposition of a figure; but from that point onwards the control of form escapes him. It is the same with the ordinary sculptor; he chooses, like the photographer, what he thinks an agreeable pose for his figure, but within that he is a mere copyist, he does not treat form synthetically, does not group, weld, discard, enforce the facts so as to arrive on the one hand at a simple and telling aspect, on the other at an impressive and charming pattern of bosses, planes and edges. For this reason we frequently find in exhibitions like that of the Academy indubitable likenesses, pursued down to every little inclination of the surfaces, to every spot and wrinkle of the skin. But step back from these portraits and the collection of facts falls to pieces; there is no general aspect, no master-lines and planes to uphold and subdue the minor facts, while from the point of view of design the thing dissolves into rags of form and little fretful lights that spoil the metal. It is desirable to insist on this point. Respect and admiration are thrown away upon this sort of work, except in the degree that we yield it to the photographer. In the rare cases where the modeller re-copies his clay in marble we may add what tribute is deserved by a somewhat difficult technical process.

Let anyone then who wishes to test our sculptors begin not with their big monuments whose scale and pretensions are imposing, but with their work in portrait busts where the issue is narrowed. Here there is no grouping of different figures, no arrangement of limbs, the point of view is restrained practically to a few points on the circle. Let us not demand even so much of the bigger element as consists in a pre-occupation about enveloping lines. Let us inquire only how the features are designed within the accidental shape of the head. There is one feature, the hair, whose treatment may be chosen as significant, for here the point-to-point imitator is brought up sharp, like the painter of the Poor Man's Tea when he came to the lettering, is called to stand and deliver a little invention. Reliance on the cast breaks down because hair bothers even the cast; and hair dipped in plaster gives ugly ropy forms, not the least like hair. Yet so helpless are our copyists, that faced by the alternative

of inventing a treatment or the impossible of copying hair by hair, they will frequently be found copying not hair but hair dipped in plaster. When they do not adopt this amazing course they are evidently not spurred to pleasant exercise of their art upon the aspects of hair, but profoundly bored by it, and produce disagreeable messes teased by aimless markings. We find more rarely the opposite defect, a too easy decorative cutting of the knot. Thus the author of a bust (No. 1933) has made of a moustache an elegant flower-like shape, with smooth surfaces like something cut in cheese; on the opposite side of the doorway may be seen the more ordinary type.

Here then is one easily verified example of the lack of the real sculptor's impulse, and the defect runs through the treatment of all the features. Examine, a few feet away, the bust by Mr. Onslow Ford *The Duke of Norfolk* (2025), or the *William Morris and Passmore Edwards* of Mr. Fehr, and see how small and fretful is the aspect of the forms. These are outstanding examples of a general defect. One of the few busts that show a sense of general aspect and of invention in detail is Mr. Gilbert's *Mrs. Henry Cust*; the modelling of the eyes has an intention beyond trivial copying in its disposition of projection and shadow; the intention unfortunately dies away before the hair and drapery are worked out.

Let us turn now to the big monuments where some consideration of general design is forced upon the sculptor. In the case of portrait busts, the likeness near at hand disguises to a careless eye the defects of sculpturesque feeling; in the case of these the outside monumental arrangement has a like result. I shall pass over a certain number of works that reveal rather a gaucherie in their author's conception of pose than anything else, and deal with one or two that have a claim to consideration. First, let us take Mr. Onslow Ford's immense equestrian statue. Here we may say that the pose of the man and horse is not bad as a dead envelope, but invention seems to stop when the artist has said to a model, Sit on that horse in such and such a way. The second stage, in which line should call to line, mass to mass, within this so far determined collection of forms, till an organism of pattern asserted itself through and through, seems jumped entirely. There is the model carefully copied, there the horse; but the gap of invention is complete between getting them into a respectable pose and the covering of them both with ornamental detail. There is more ornament on these two than on Donatello's *Gattamelata*: it covers and almost conceals the paltry forms of the prince's tunic, but each addition remains a separate thing hung on instead of flowering out, a refinement, the foam upon a wave of form. In like manner the additional figures round the pedestal refuse to unite with the group. Their scale, the poverty of their architectural setting would force us to deal with them separately, as they seem to have been separately conceived. The same vice that reveals itself within each of the busts reveals itself again in each of these figures taken separately, and is written large in the relations of the whole monument. The sight of it drew from a ribald critic the verdict

"The late Maharajah of Mysore
A highly respectable eyesore"

and I fear that must be the conclusion of the whole matter.

The seated figure of Huxley begins better and goes much further in its designing. The action chosen gives the arms meaning, the gown keeps the lines fairly simple, and the head was in itself so fine that a cast of it would have been an impressive object. As the figure is placed at the Academy the face falls into shadow, broadening the effect, and the gown slopes away beneath it in a simple plane. Here was splendid material and a good start. Nor is the opportunity frittered away so much as we should expect from the busts and the horseman. The impetus of a good pose and noble character in the head have wakened up the sculptor to more vigorous modelling. Life has stirred within the block and carried the work a stage nearer to fine sculpture.

Mr. Brock's Monument to Lord Leighton belongs to a decent, dreary species of cookery. Here are the ideas of Stevens as they emerge from a well-trained academic mind. Examine first the mouldings on the base of the sarcophagus to gauge the architectural inspiration of the designer. Then examine an inch or two of the acanthus on the sarcophagus itself to measure the vigour and refinement of his modelling. Then examine, if that is not enough, the hand of the figure to your left, as it hangs, with the light sharply cutting across its finger joints, for an example of research, and then cast one glance more on these two figures, on their poor unoccupied forms. Here is a certain simplification, but not in the interests of design; two models, limply resting on the step of the pedestal.

Mr. Gilbert's baptismal font must affect us in a very different way; for here is a man really inspired by the passion of form, but carried away into the wildest aberration. He came among us promising more for the art of sculpture than any man of recent generations, but a strange, more-than-rococo, weedy growth has succeeded to the promise. Every designer must be conscious, as he broods over and modifies a conception, of the alternation of lax and astringent impulses, and the check that operates most strongly against a complete dissolution into purely fanciful flourishes is the logic of the object decorated; this check is feebly operative with Mr. Gilbert. Thus a font is divisible into base, stem, cup and lid, and when these parts losing their constructive individuality start and flow into endless freakish processes, something of necessary resistance is lost, as if the bones of a skeleton became elastic. Such is my feeling before Mr. Gilbert's later work. I can understand the impulse, but I must regret the result as a wild heresy that has overbalanced an uncommon talent.

Mr. Gilbert's influence or a like impulse may be traced in other men's work. One example in the Academy is Mr. Fisher's *Birth of Aphrodite*. In this assemblage of curves one seeks in vain a starting point or resting point in more rigid forms that will give value and force to those borrowed from the waves. Another feature of Mr. Gilbert's work, its research of varied material, of fine surface, and of colour, is echoed in a good many things exhibited this year. In the font the combination of smooth wrought bronze, enriched by gilding, with alabaster is materially beautiful: the little figure at the top with its spattered, confetti-like colour is the only extravagance in this respect. The materials, again, of Mr. Frampton's bust, ivory with bronze and some well-chosen stones, are charming enough. But the sudden introduction of crystal in the ball between the hands of Mr. Drury's prophetess is an ineffective break into realism, for it suggests uncomfortably that the hands are of metal and will crush the ball. As well make the two hands of wax. There are other examples of a varied use of materials, and however laudable research in this direction may be, one would like to see the purely sculpturesque research better assured before the forms are decked out with jewels. At the New Gallery some gaudy toys are shown that exhibit this tendency of the Arts and Crafts movement in the matter of sculpture.

I must be content to mention, in closing, one or two works of merit of the less ambitious sort. Mr. Swan's "Puma and Macaw" is a good application of the formula of Barye; the rhythm of feline limbs and tail helped out by the sweeping lines of the bird in the beast's mouth. Among the busts two works by Mr. Emil Fuchs at the New Gallery deserve notice for well-marked characterisation, Mr. J. H. M. Furse's work at the same gallery and Mr. Gotto's bust at the Academy. Mr. De Saulles's medals at the Academy call for notice also, as sad examples of official art. D. S. M.

A MIGNIARD PLAY.

IF you, like Lady Betty Fanglestar, be "craving an elegant, light dissipation for a summer's afternoon," you ought certainly to visit the Royalty Theatre; for there they are playing "The Fantasticks," quite the prettiest and wittiest little thing in the town.

You may remember that I was very angry when Mr.

Wyndham produced "Cyrano de Bergerac" in an English version. I gave my reasons why that play should never have been transported, why it was bound to be absurd in any version but the original. Doubtless, now that Mrs. Campbell has produced another of M. Rostand's plays in a similar manner, signs of a similar indignation are expected of me. Alas! I cannot show them. "The Fantasticks" at the Royalty delights me not less than "Cyrano" bored me at the Criterion, and my pen is a-quiver to write praise. Lest you think me inconsistent in my views, or suspect me of being in the pay of one theatre and not of another, I must proceed to draw certain distinctions between the two cases. Of course, I would rather see "The Fantasticks" in M. Rostand's French than in Miss Fletcher's English: translation, however good, must spoil much of its curious delicacy and elegance; but I have good reason to prefer seeing it in Miss Fletcher's English to not seeing it at all. To Mr. Stuart Ogilvie and Mr. Louis Parker, though they did not translate "Cyrano" badly, I was not grateful, because either of them could have evolved from his own head quite as good a romantic drama as the best imaginable translation of "Cyrano." In England we have plenty of writers who can originate romantic drama quite decently, and it is sheer waste of time for them to be grovelling in alien soil. But in England we have no one who can—no one, at least, who does—write plays in the way of elegant and delicate fantasy. In an English theatre, the nearest approach that can be made to that kind of play is through a good translation. Miss Fletcher has made quite a good translation of "Les Romanesques," and I am accordingly grateful to her. But my distinction between the two cases is not merely that translation of romance is superfluous, and that translation of elegant fantasy is desirable; I suggest also that "Les Romanesques" is, in itself, much more fit than "Cyrano" for translation. Cyrano was a local French type, unintelligible to the English mind. Nor was he a realisation of the type; he was a poet's inspired idealisation of it, and, shorn of M. Rostand's verses, would have seemed even to Frenchmen nothing but a rather unpleasant lunatic. What folly, then, to make an English prose version of him! But Percinet and Sylvette, of "Les Romanesques," are not at all unreal; if they expressed their sentiments, not in verse, but in prose, they would be less charming, but they would still carry conviction. And they are not local types; they belong to any province of any country. There was no reason why Miss Fletcher should not lay hands on them.

The idea which M. Rostand shows through them is an idea to which no place, no time, were more appropriate than another. It is simply the idea that aesthetic romance is a sorry basis for a married life, that lovers who trust to it will be estranged when, as sooner or later they must, they begin to find each other out. It is, in its essence, just such a satire as Mr. Bernard Shaw himself might have written—did write, indeed, in "Arms and the Man"; but it is infinitely more effective, in that it is written by one who himself loves romance, and understands it, and knows the power of it. What could be more perfect, for truth and prettiness, than the stolen scene between Percinet and Sylvette across the wall of the two gardens? They have met often thus, revelling in the secrecy, in the thought of the fearful things which would happen if either's father (sworn foe to the other's father) were to find them there. Their minds are filled with the history of Romeo and Juliet, and their love is built on it. Suddenly, it occurs to Sylvette that they ought to be formally engaged:

"Puisque nous nous aimons, il faut nous fiancer.

PERCINET. C'est à quoi justement je venais de penser.

SYLVETTE. Dernier des Bergamin, c'est à toi que se lie
La dernière des Pasquinot!

PERCINET. Noble folie!

SYLVETTE. On parlera de nous dans les âges futurs!

PERCINET. Oh! trop tendres enfants de deux pères
trop durs!"

Percinet hears a footstep in the garden. They both drop down from either side the wall. Bergamin,

Percinet's father, comes and upbraids his son for loitering so often by the wall which divides his garden from that of Pasquin, his sworn foe. A little later, in the other garden, Pasquin comes and chides his daughter for the like offence. Sylvette runs away. He climbs up, and peeps over the wall. Bergamin is there, and climbs up to meet him. They embrace. Indeed, they are the best of old friends. Their avowed feud is a mere strategy to secure what is at their hearts: that Percinet and Sylvette shall fall in love with each other. They chuckle together over the progress of the affair. Pasquin has hit on a plan for bringing the betrothal about at once, with a public reconciliation between themselves. A Bravo, named Straforel, is at hand. He is a professional abductor, and does business on very reasonable terms. He is to abduct Sylvette that very evening, to be caught in the act by Percinet, to offer a desperate resistance, to be overcome in single combat. Then both the fathers will appear, and Pasquin, overcome with gratitude will give his Andromeda to her rescuer . . . The moon rises. Cloaked and masked, with a company of minions and minstrels, Straforel creeps into the garden. The minstrels group themselves picturesquely, and play softly on their flutes. The minions hold torches in the shadow. A closed chair is borne by negroes . . . All happens well. Straforel, prostrate on the ground, furtively stretches up to Bergamin the point of his sword, on which is transfixed a piece of paper. Bergamin reads the paper. His face lengthens. It is the bill . . . The lovers learn the true history of the rape. So! they are hero and heroine no longer. They quarrel, and they part. Percinet, furious, rushes away, in quest of actual adventures, actual loves . . . Straforel, (payment of whose bill depends on the marriage,) disguises himself as a nobleman, makes romantic love to Sylvette. He terrifies her with a passionate recital of all the glorious discomforts which she will suffer when she flies with him. She shrinks away, pining for anything prosaic . . . Percinet, scarred and tattered prodigal, comes slinking home. Sylvette runs to meet him. They are both wiser now. They can love each other without the circumstances of romantic sorrow and joy.

The figures are real enough, as you see. But they speak in poetry, and move in a sophisticated scheme, in a series of conventions. What happens to them is natural, but the way in which it happens to them is artificial always. What they do and say is natural, but they say and do it in the manner of poetic artifice. And so, of course, the chief requisite in the performance of the play is style. The mimes must express themselves and comport themselves exquisitely; anything like realism would mar the effect which M. Rostand aimed at. Mrs. Campbell, I thought, was rather too intense as Percinet; she let her sense of drama run away with her sense of mere prettiness. Miss Winifred Fraser, as Sylvette, was more Watteau-esque, played with less emotion, and so played (in the circumstances) better. Mr. Gerald du Maurier, as the Bravo, did his best to be fantastic, but did not succeed in being more than boisterous. And Mr. E. W. Garden and Mr. George Arliss, as the fathers, showed no signs of understanding that they were not engaged for a rough-and-tumble farce. But, of course, it were very hard to cast well a play which is of a kind never written in this country. And, perhaps, one is the readier to forgive mistaken mimes in a play whose charm no amount of bad acting could obscure. "The Fantasticks," I repeat, is the prettiest and wittiest little play in the town. By all means, go to it.

MAX.

YOUNG OPERA SINGERS.

BY way of a small atonement for my disgraceful neglect of the opera in recent years and this year, and especially at the beginning of the present season, when I ran away in the most cowardly fashion to avoid the opening night and certain subsequent nights, I have lately attended a performance or two more than could be fairly or legally expected of me. So it came to pass that I heard certain portions of "Lohengrin" for a second time on Monday night, and heard in those portions certain beginners in opera. Now in London

we do not make the fuss over new-comers that is made over them in most Continental towns. There is something to be said both for the Continental attitude and for our own. On the Continent a young singer has an opportunity of making some reputation at once and in consequence, if he or she is worth it, of getting promptly an engagement to keep him or her in clothes, food and shelter. In England a reputation is only gained after an expenditure of infinite energy, and after many intrigues and hundreds of disappointments. On the other hand, in Paris and Brussels, where the greatest interest is taken in débuts, the singers gain far too much power and operas become playthings in their hands. In England (as I believe, in spite of the bad signs I have observed at Covent Garden this season) the opera remains the principal thing; and even a Melba, who persists in remaining an evil artistic influence when she might be one making for artistic righteousness, cannot stir the British public to any surprising enthusiasm over such balderdash as "La Bohème." For my own part I care little about first appearances. As the days pass I only become more firmly set in the conviction that opera singers are a poor lot.

However, it is not so much my business to feel and express regret for what singers may or have become, as to take them as I find them on the stage, and report on them simply as artists. So, after warning the reader that the above general remarks have nothing whatever to do with the artists I now proceed to discuss, let me get on to the performance of "Lohengrin" given on Monday night. There were in it two young artists quite unknown to London, Mr. Slezak and Miss Walker. Mr. Slezak appeared for the second time in this opera, and between his first performance and this he had sung Tannhäuser; Miss Walker had only appeared once before, and that was in "Aida," an opera I cannot now take the trouble to speak about. Mr. Slezak, I regret to say, only strengthened the impression he made upon me last week. His conception of Lohengrin is radically wrong. It is altogether too boyish. Lohengrin, I said last week, was no boy, but a full-grown hero of chivalry; and by making him a greenhorn Mr. Slezak throws the whole drama out of joint. Particularly does he upset Miss Ternina's calculations. Her Elsa, perhaps the best part she plays, and certainly the best Elsa I remember, is a woman, not a girl; in fact (if I may tread on delicate ground) it is a woman just passed out of girlhood into that astonishing stage where young women become the victims of remarkable hallucinations. Such a woman would never yield herself readily to a hobbledehoy, which is what Mr. Slezak makes of Lohengrin. Ternina never endeavours, as Calvé does, to rule the stage; but even she cannot help taking the lead and making Lohengrin follow humbly in her train; and when Lohengrin abruptly turns round on her in the last act and school-boyishly asserts that he is master of the situation, one cannot but feel shocked that Elsa should permit him to do anything of the sort. But beyond this objection, which I brought forward last week, there is another: Mr. Slezak sings in too boyish a manner. When Calvé sings, one might easily imagine her never to have had a singing lesson. In the case of Mr. Slezak it is only too obvious that he has not only had singing lessons, but is striving to remember what his master told him. His voice being of the heavy German sort of tenor, he apparently tries to lighten it for the English market; he indulges freely—nay, everlasting—*in the vibrato*; he never sings a phrase in a natural manner. Instead of chanting simply through "Im fernen Land," leaving the lovely music to make its own effect, he tries to make it declamatory, rhetorical; and as there is little of rhetoric in that particular song, he not only fails lamentably to make the effect he is trying to make, but actually makes a counter-effect, so to say. We critics, of course, know "Lohengrin" well, far too well; but I am convinced that one who had never heard it before would instinctively feel Mr. Slezak's reading of this scene to be utterly wrong. Mr. Slezak is not, I know, a beginner; he has appeared before German audiences, and, I believe, pleased them; but if he is to please a London audience, an audience of acute judges of good

vocalism, he will have to go to a good teacher and get rid of that accursed tremolo and have his voice properly "placed." At one time there was a deep gulf set between the student and the star. That gulf exists no longer. The mere fact of a man or woman appearing at Covent Garden does not prove him or her to be a star: either may be still a student. Emphatically Mr. Slezak is still a student: he needs a great deal more study before he can be considered on the way to becoming a finished artist. Miss Walker, who made her first appearance before me in the same opera, is in quite a different boat. She has infinitely more of the artist than Mr. Slezak has in him. She has a fine voice; she has a sense of humour that prevents her making the kind of mistakes that Mr. Slezak makes. She has little of the coarse-fibred Teuton in her; she knows better than to sentimentalise a part which might have come out of an Adelphi melodrama (I mean *Ortrud*). Yet she is by no means an ideal *Ortrud*. Her singing, considered merely as singing, is beyond all praise: I have rarely heard finer singing. Her acting also is good, and her stage appearance is good. But as yet no one has explained to her the character of *Ortrud*, and therefore her *Ortrud* makes no effect precisely at the moments when it might make most effect. Without in the least sentimentalising it, she turns it into a tender human character; she clung helplessly to Ternina's somewhat matronly Elsa like the weakest, most womanly of women. She needs to practise more commanding gestures: lithe ness, grace and suppleness are very well in their way, and in some parts they would be quite fascinating; but for *Ortrud* dignity and a degree of brute strength are the things wanted. Miss Walker's voice is not powerful, but is of a lovely quality. The big invocation to *Wotan* in the second act was a little too much for her, and in future she would do well to save herself for it; for it is a piece of music that taxes the most robust of singers. As yet I have only heard *Miranda* sing rubbish, and I have scarcely heard *Homer* at all; so they must wait until later.

There is one thing to be said about the two artists I have discussed: they are both genuine artists: they have not come here with the intention of capturing the heart of the mighty British public by the mere display of a bag of tricks. They are gods compared with the tenor over whom the uninformed portion of the daily press has made so much fuss. Moreover, unlike him, they do not smirk and grin at their audience: they think of the drama proceeding on the stage rather than of the crowd staring at them through opera-glasses.

I have not space until next week to say anything about a concert given by Mr. Dolmetsch on Tuesday evening; but I wish to announce that he will give a most important lecture in St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening, 13 June.

J. F. R.

INSURANCE MATTERS.

THE Rock Life Office recently founded an Accident Insurance department, which, though still small, is going along satisfactorily, and should ultimately prove a good thing for the Company. This development has not hindered the progress of the Life branch in which the office has done well in the matter of new business, since in a year when many companies show a falling off the Rock shows a substantial advance upon the corresponding figures of previous years. The Premium Income shows a larger increase than usual, the claims are considerably less than they were the previous year and the mortality experienced has been less than 70 per cent. of the mortality provided for. The rate of interest yielded by the total life funds was £3 17s. 10d. per cent., which shows a substantial margin above the 3 per cent. assumed in valuing the participating assurances. The Life fund increased during the year by more than £50,000, and the total funds of the Company at the end of the year amounted to £3,275,797.

The Lancashire Insurance Company has had an unfortunate year, and the report frankly admits the fact. The Fire premiums amounted to £674,542, of

which 73·9 per cent. was absorbed in claims, and 38·8 per cent. in expenses, showing a net loss on the year's business of 12·7 per cent. of the year's premiums. This adverse result is entirely attributable to the business in the United States and on the Continent of Europe, and the Lancashire is not alone in finding 1899 an unsatisfactory year. The directors are taking the necessary steps to improve this state of things, and we have little doubt that they will be successful in doing so. The result is unfortunate for the shareholders, but the policy-holders are not improbably congratulating themselves on having secured their Fire insurance at less than cost price.

It is unlucky that an adverse Fire year coincides with the end of a valuation period in the Life department, especially as the continued decline in the rate of interest that can be obtained upon investments makes it necessary to strengthen the reserves. This has been done by valuing the liabilities on a 3 per cent. basis instead of 3½ per cent. as previously, and practically the whole of the surplus that would otherwise have been available for bonuses has been absorbed in this way, with the result that no bonus is declared on the present occasion. This is naturally disappointing, but it is beyond question the right policy to pursue, since it materially improves the bonus prospects for the future. The numerous speeches made at the annual meeting took the undoubtedly sensible view of the situation. Almost without exception the speakers recognised that the directors were doing the right thing in every way, and unqualified confidence in the general manager was justly expressed. The Lancashire is likely to emerge stronger and more prosperous than ever from the misfortunes of last year.

The "Advanced Policy" recently issued by the Ocean Accident deserves notice in consequence of being a marked improvement upon anything that has previously been issued. It combines sickness and accident insurance, and covers an exceptionally large number of contingencies. It is specially designed to meet the requirements of professional and business men, by whom doubtless it will be thoroughly appreciated.

The methods of the Prussian Government in dealing with foreign insurance companies are not attractive, and we are pleased to see that the Mutual of New York declines either to conform to their arbitrary regulations, or to give up the work in Prussia, which, relying on the good faith of the Prussian Government, they commenced some years ago. To abandon the Prussian business now would mean sacrificing much of the expenditure that its commencement involved, and it would mean being defeated by the jealous opposition of Prussian insurance companies; while to conform to the regulations that are now required by the Government would be, to some extent, to hand over the management of the Company to Prussian officials, and to take steps which, while possibly beneficial to the Prussian Government and Prussian policy-holders, would be unfair to the much more numerous policy-holders of the Company in America and other countries. The Mutual has sent a petition to Congress to inquire into its treatment by the Prussian Government, asking Congress to take such steps as may be possible to remove the grievances, and to secure for the Company in Prussia that freedom for developing its business which is willingly granted to it by other civilised and friendly States. If Congress institutes an inquiry the Mutual will have no difficulty in proving its case, and it will be interesting to see what steps the American Government will take to obtain redress, and what course the Prussian Government will pursue if representations are made to it by the United States Government.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BATTLE OF LEEUWKOP.

[FROM THE DIARY OF AN OFFICER AT THE FRONT.]

Damfontein, 26 April, 1900.

After five weeks' inaction in Bloemfontein, and Springfield, varied occasionally by a route march to keep the

troops fit, and constant outpost duty, the 18th Brigade got orders on Saturday 21 April to move from Springfield. At 6 A.M. on the 22nd, we moved to Reitfontein, and the boom of artillery at 8.30 A.M. told us we might expect a fight. We halted at Reitfontein until 1 P.M., our scouts having come into contact with the enemy, holding a farmhouse, and a formidable range of kopjes, known as Leeuwkop, some three miles to the east of Reitfontein. We had orders to drive them out of this position, the Warwicks to make a frontal attack on the farm, the Welsh Regiment to prolong to their left, and practically flank the farm, the Essex Regiment in support. We moved off at 1 P.M., and at 1.30 P.M., our artillery opened fire on the farm, from which the scouts of Roberts' Horse had been fired on. At 2 P.M. the Warwicks were well within rifle range of the farm, and Leeuwkop, the lower slopes of which were held in force by the enemy. The Welsh Regiment on extending for attack to the left found the Boers holding some low-lying kopjes to the east of the farm. In fact they had a position the shape of a crescent, and as the Warwicks advanced on the right, and the Welsh on the left, they were both exposed to an enfilade fire from both flanks, as well as a frontal fire. On the extreme right, the enemy had a pom-pom enfilading the left flank, as we advanced to the attack, and they fired as many as thirteen shots at a time, down the ranks of both regiments, as we advanced to the farm. The shells seemed to go in and out between the men, without hitting a soul, in the most marvellous fashion, and luckily our artillery managed to put it out of action, after it had been playing on us for half an hour. When we got to the farm, we were enabled to get good cover from an embankment, and a garden wall, but the Boers had only retired from the farm to another low kopje 200 yards south, and this in no way altered their semi-circle, and the cross fire continued. About 3 P.M. the firing line of the Welsh Regiment under Colonel Giffard, advanced out into the open, to take the right of the Boer position, whilst the Warwicks, who had an order from the General, to advance no further than the farm, remained firing on the centre of the Boer position. The Welsh found themselves in an absolutely exposed position with a cross-fire, and the order was conveyed to them that they were not to advance beyond the farm, so they accordingly retired to the wall again. During this short time they had two officers wounded, one man killed, and nine wounded. They had no sooner retired than the order came for a general advance, when the Warwicks advanced on the Boer centre, and the Welsh on the high kopjes on the Boer right. The Welsh had no sooner fixed bayonets, and charged the kopjes, when the enemy retired without firing another shot, the Essex coming up on the extreme right, and the battle of Leeuwkop was over, and as usual we had the doubtful satisfaction of seeing the Boers bolting without any cavalry to stop them. Our losses were very slight. The Warwicks had eight wounded, the Welsh had twelve killed and wounded, and the Essex suffered no loss, whilst the gunners had two men wounded. We put all the wounded into the farm, threw out outposts for the night, and bivouacked where we were. Sleep was impossible, owing to the cold and heavy dew, and it was impossible to get our transport up, so the men were without food. We got orders at 7 A.M. the next morning, to join the remainder of our division, the 11th under General Pole-Carew, and found them four miles to the southwest of Leeuwkop. We halted till 1.30 P.M., and got a much-needed rest, and food. At 1.30 P.M., we started off again for Paardekraal, eight miles south-east, and it was not till we found that we had to pass immediately under this very strong position of Leeuwkop, that we could fully understand that the engagement of the previous day had been of use. We marched until 4 P.M., when French's cavalry division which was with us, had a sharp engagement lasting an hour, and succeeded in driving the Boers from some low-lying hills on our left. We halted at 5.45 P.M., and threw out outposts for the night, and moved on again at 6 A.M. on the 24th the 18th Brigade in front, and the Guards' Brigade in rear. The Warwicks formed the advance guard, the Welsh Regiment left flank guard, Essex

right flank guard. Our cavalry were quickly engaged, and we could hear the Horse Artillery booming away to our left front. At 10.30 A.M. Roberts' Scouts on the right flank, drew the enemy's fire from some hills on the left, called Zyefefontein, whilst French's cavalry were engaged on the right in some hills called Roedepoort. Our main advance on De Wetsdorp, lying south-east between these hills along a valley about two miles wide. The Welsh Regiment immediately came into action on the left, and the enemy promptly sent a couple of shells and a pom-pom on their extreme left, all falling harmlessly, our guns immediately came into action, and the enemy's guns did not fire another shot. Soon after this a cart was seen going away from the enemy's position, on which the Welsh opened fire, when they promptly put up a Red-cross flag. After about 1½ hour, the cavalry went up the hill, our guns having driven the enemy out, and neither the gun nor the pom-pom was to be seen. There is no doubt that they got both away in the cart, under the Red-cross flag, as nothing could have got away from this position in an open manner. Our advance was then continued till 3.30 P.M., when the left flank guard again came into action on some small kopjes, only to see 200 of the enemy, and two carts bolting; this party could have all been captured, if we had had some cavalry or mounted infantry on this flank. We then halted for the night at a farm called Damfontein, and proceeded again on the 25th at 6 A.M., having got communication with Rundle's Division working south-east of us on the 24th. We had only marched about five miles when we got orders to halt. The idea of our rapid move had been to entrap 11,000 Boers, that Lord Roberts knew had gone south. Our force at Wepener held them on the east, Rundle was driving them up in the centre, and French and Pole-Carew were to complete the circle. When we were halted on the 25th, we were informed that the whole 11,000 had moved north during the night, so we were frustrated in our movement. Rundle's division moved into De Wetsdorp, having succeeded in capturing a large convoy, and we bivouacked where we were till this morning, when we moved off again due east to Reitpoort on the Modder River, only to get orders, when nearly there, to about turn, and to proceed to Bloemfontein. Here we are about four miles from last night's bivouac, having done a semi-circle of fifteen miles to-day. If we had managed to entrap the 11,000 Boers, it would have practically ended the war, but unfortunately they were not to be entrapped a second time. Fighting Sunday, Monday, Tuesday; comparative peace Wednesday and to-day. We ought to be in Bloemfontein by Saturday next, and fit and ready to move on to Pretoria, which all the troops are ardently looking forward to.

THE HISTORY OF EDWARD III.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The University, S. Andrews, 26 May, 1900.

SIR,—I trust you will permit me to refer to a point of some historical importance mooted in your able and judicial review of this work. The point in question is the date of the release of the Earl of Salisbury by Philip VI. Your reviewer is under the impression that the earl was released "almost immediately" after his capture in the spring of 1340. He refers to a chronicler of the period and to an article in the "Dictionary of National Biography" in support of this view. Both the chronicler and the writer of the article are wrong. The earl was not released till 2 June, 1342, in exchange for the Earl of Moray, as I have pointed out in a note on p. 212 of "The History of Edward the Third," which has evidently escaped your reviewer's attention. In proof of this I have given a reference to the "Fœdera" II. p. 1140 et seq. As I was troubled by the difficulty that has occurred to your reviewer, I investigated the point very minutely, so that there can be no doubt as to the truth of the assertion in the text. Unfortunately I was precluded by considerations of space from printing the long note which I had drawn up on the subject,

and still more unfortunately, all my preliminary notes collected in preparation for the work were destroyed two months ago. I am therefore unable to produce it here, and have not the necessary authorities at hand to enable me to go into the question again. I do not even remember exactly where I got all the facts, but I think that the statement at page 210 of the text and in the note at page 212 can be proved from the "Fœdera" alone.

I regret that the book has no index—an omission of which your reviewer justly complains. It has a very full table of contents, and an index would have been added had pecuniary considerations in connexion with this matter of space allowed. Moreover, I was so exhausted when I finished the work last September that it was almost imperative to ease off for a few weeks in order to be able to face the task of keeping two courses of lectures going during the winter session. The index shall be supplied in a second edition if there is a demand for it.

Had I not been obliged to excise at least half the notes during the process of printing, your reviewer would have had less difficulty in judging whether or not some minor parts of the evidence had been overlooked. It might have been advisable, as your reviewer suggests, to consult some modern works on mediaeval warfare, such as those which he mentions. I did indeed look into some works bearing more directly on the history of Edward III. than the works referred to, but I found them so full of errors, owing partly to this habit of borrowing from other writers, partly to a too scanty knowledge of the best and more recently edited sources, that I determined to stick the more resolutely to my rule. If, for instance, I describe a battle from the accounts of eye-witnesses or those who wrote at or near the time of its occurrence (assuming that I used the most correct and carefully edited texts I could find), I do not think that my narrative would have gained in originality or authority by interpolating the descriptions of modern historians. It is different in the case of antiquarian and topographical specialists, and such works I used (with acknowledgment) whenever I found them serviceable. Otherwise, I prefer to seek my material first hand, in order to be in a position to avoid as far as possible the impressions, and, it might be, the errors and prejudices of others. Of course I am far from assuming that my work is free from my own impressions, errors, and perhaps (though I would fain hope not) even prejudices. History should be written from the sources or let alone. The observation of this rule, whatever its defects, tends to advance historic science, which is the main thing, and each conscientious worker can help in his own way.

Your reviewer's method of criticism has evidently much akin to my method of investigation. He looks at the book in the scientific spirit and does not allow personal or partial considerations to obscure an objective view of its merits. Only such reviews of such works are helpful.—I am, yours faithfully,

JAMES MACKINNON.

[Dr. Mackinnon and our reviewer are agreed that the Earl of Salisbury was taken prisoner in the first half of 1340 A.D. If the Earl was "not released" from his French prison "till 2 June, 1342," how comes it that, according to Dr. Mackinnon himself, this same Earl of Salisbury was present at the great English Parliament held at Westminster in April 1341 A.D.? and not merely present but a prominent personal participant in the events of that famous day when "the King's guards," by the King's own orders, refused no less a personage than the Archbishop of Canterbury entrance to the Painted Chamber? (See "History of Edward III." pp. 186-7.)

Till Dr. Mackinnon answers this question, he can hardly with justice expect a reviewer to spend many hours in hunting up unspecified passages in Rymer's "Fœdera"—when, whatever the exact result of the search may be, it can hardly in any case support both of Dr. Mackinnon's apparently inconsistent positions. Dr. Mackinnon is mistaken in his assertion that the footnote on p. 212 of his volume has escaped our reviewer's attention.—ED. S.R.]

THE ITALIAN ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 Cheyne Gardens, Chelsea, 26 May, 1902.

SIR,—May I add to your admirable article on this subject in to-day's issue one or two further reasons for the utter disgust of Italians with representative institutions?

In conversations with Italians of the poorer and middle classes alike, in many parts of the Peninsula and in Sicily, I have found the profound conviction, derived no doubt from the bank scandals, that the average Deputy is a scoundrel and that his one aim is "to grow rich at the expense of the people"—"vivere sulle spalle del popolo." The phrase "i nostri 508 ladri" is not an uncommon synonym in the popular vocabulary for the Chamber of Deputies. On a comparison of the returns for the last twenty general elections, I find that the average of voters is only about fifty-six per cent. of the electorate—a result partly due to clerical abstentions, but still more to apathy, disgust, and disillusionment.

All over Italy one hears the same cry, that the people were better off under the old state of things: "quando si stava peggio, si stava meglio," as they epigrammatically put it. In this connexion, there is a considerable separatist feeling in the South. Early this year a Neapolitan paper was started with the ominous motto: "Il mezzogiorno basta a se stesso." In fact, the attempt to govern two districts, so utterly dissimilar economically and socially as the North and South, on the same political plane, has been one of the causes of parliamentary corruption. Above all, as the newly elected Deputy says in Fogazzaro's great novel, "I do not imagine that I am going to sit, like an English M.P., on a seat that is six centuries old."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. MILLER.

"LE JUIF POLONAIS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Pines, Putney Hill, 28 May, 1902.

SIR,—Your musical critic is quite right in supposing that "Le Juif Polonais" is based on a folk story. So long ago as 1873, in a magazine article dealing with the "Havelock-Hamlet myths" and with the relations between the story of Lear and the stories of Dirghatamas and Yayatis, I made the following remarks:

"Stories are a growth. Poetic genius like Shakespeare's does not invent plots, but finds them—seizes hold of them, and, by power of intense vision lives in them, and makes others live in them. Thus, the last new conception in contemporary drama is perhaps the 'Polish Jew' of Erckmann-Chatrian. The treatment (in which pure expectation is the source of interest, unadulterated with surprise) is new. But perhaps older than Zoroaster is the story. Chamisso's tale in verse, where the sun that witnessed the murder does the work of the 'bells,' suggested 'Le Juif Polonais.'"

The most remarkable form that the idea has ever taken is that of the Gypsy conception of the "Romany Sap" which I have dwelt upon in "Aylwin."—Yours truly,

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

PUNCH AND JUDY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Athenæum, 29 May, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—I imagine that Mr. Pellatt Elkington when he wrote to you had in mind a derivation put forward of Punch and Judy from a supposed "mystery" or scene in a mystery called Pontius cum Judæis. This I believe has long been held a vain thing fondly imagined.—Yours very truly,

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

REVIEWS.

TRANSITIONAL THEOLOGY.

"Exploratio Evangelica: a brief Examination of the Basis and Origin of Christian Belief." By Percy Gardner. London: Black. 1899. 15s.

PROFESSOR GARDNER in his "Exploratio Evangelica" has given expression to a widely extended state of mind. His work covers an immense range, and provokes criticism from many quarters. Its worth arises rather from what it suggests than from what it establishes. This, however, must be admitted that, in tone and feeling, it is uniformly admirable, steering successfully a middle course between the Scylla of pedantry and the Charybdis of irreverence. It is an excellent example of the literature of transitional theology, and, since that literature is likely to become voluminous in the next generation, we gladly welcome a work which combines so well the deference of piety and the innovating ardour of progressive thought.

A sentence from the late Master of Balliol gives the keynote of Professor Gardner's book. "Religion is not dependent on historical events, the report of which we cannot always trust. Holiness has its sources elsewhere than in history." In this dubious category are included, according to the Professor, the cardinal facts of the Christian creed. The supernatural birth, miracles, and Resurrection of the Founder of Christianity may, it is suggested, be relegated to the region of exploded myths. The Church can, and, indeed, must, surrender, at the bidding of historical science, the credibility of the Evangelic narratives: she no longer possesses any certain tradition of the Master's teaching: what she has may, or may not, faithfully represent His mind: she knows that she has persistently misunderstood it in the past, she has the best reason for believing that her present notions are merely provisional. But this need not distress her, for her blunders were uniformly inspired by a sound intuition: and their exposure and abandonment will still be determined by nothing less. Her treasured creeds bear the same relation to sacred truth, as the rude scrawls of the child to the aesthetic ideals of the artist. Both are early efforts to express something immensely too great for adequate expression. Christ was not immaculately conceived and Virgin-born, but He was pre-eminently holy, and it is eternally true that holiness is Divine. Christ did not cleanse the lepers and raise the dead, but He did represent in supreme degree the power of the Spirit over matter, and that power is still a fact. Christ died as the rest of men and "saw corruption," but His influence survived, and, in that sense, He rose from the dead. The Creed, and for that matter the Gospels, must be regarded as symbolic expressions of truths which the highest intuitions of human nature have affirmed, and do still affirm. Allow for their archaism, and they may rightly remain the authorised and accepted formulas of Christian conviction: ignore their archaism and insist on their literal and *ex animo* reception, and you close the doors of the Church on every thoughtful student of science and history.

It must, of course, be admitted that "every reflecting man must needs endeavour to put his religious doctrines on terms with the rest of his intellectual furniture." It is certain that "in recent years our intellectual furniture has completely changed;" and Professor Gardner's book is a sufficient indication that "the old doctrines find themselves out of place in its midst." But is it a tenable thesis that you can, with whatever justification, destroy the historic sub-structure of Christian conviction, and hope to retain unimpaired the conviction itself? Can psychology really replace history? "Future construction in religion must arise," says the Professor, "as construction in religion has arisen in the past, out of the ground of human necessity, and of divine revelation which meets it. But the process of building must be governed by the intellectual conditions of the new age." But how is this anticipation to be reconciled with the Christian assumption of a plenary Revelation of God in the Person of Christ on the one hand, and with the actual tendencies of modern thought

on the other? It is a formula which will match well enough the theological position of Dr. Martineau, but can it be, by any harmonistic subtlety, made to fit in with that of a Trinitarian Christian? Does it not assume the frank naturalness of Christianity? and is not the Church necessarily tied to the belief in the supernaturalness of Christianity?

Professor Gardner realises the immense significance of Christian experience: instead, however, of finding in it the attesting consequences of the Facts of the Redemption, he reverses the natural process and attributes the latter to the former. The "Atonement" is the intellectual expression of the experience of "Justification;" "Justification" is not the proper result of the Atonement. But does he sufficiently consider that all the experience, to which he appeals, has had behind it the conviction that, in some way or other, the historic death on the Cross altered the relation between God and the sinful race? that the variety of theological theories about the Atonement indicates the strength of conviction as to its reality? that, as a matter of present experience, the moral force of Christ's death is inseparable in almost all cases from the assumption of its reconciling potency? It will not do to take experiences created by one view of Christianity, and use them as arguments for another.

We have not attempted within the limited space of this article a detailed criticism of this book, but it is necessary to warn readers that the Professor's statements on questions of Biblical criticism are not to be accepted without discrimination. He seems to follow with unquestioning fidelity certain German guides, more brilliant than trustworthy, and his own performances in the critical sphere do not inspire confidence. He is not always consistent. On p. 168 our Lord is described "as the child of His age, modified by its surroundings and inspired by its ideals." On p. 402 we are informed that "when one turns to Jewish Rabbinic lore, the result is usually to make the utterances of Paul more intelligible, and to make the utterances of Jesus more profoundly original." The parallel between Christ and S. Francis of Assisi indicates a very inadequate sense of proportion. On p. 195 we learn that the description of Satan as "the prince of this world" is "singularly out of harmony with the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount," yet "the most authentic utterance of Jesus which we possess is the Lord's Prayer" (p. 194) and that contains a petition for "deliverance from the evil one" (R.V.), and is an integral part of the Sermon. So extreme is the Professor's scepticism that he is doubtful of the authenticity even of the Synoptic parables; and will only concede them "a root in the actual discourses of Jesus" (p. 210). The well-known apostolic expectation of a speedy Second Advent is exaggerated beyond all warrant. Any intelligent student of the Epistles will know how small a place that expectation has in those documents. The chapter on "The Birth at Bethlehem" positively bristles with arbitrary, unproved and doubtful statements. One passage indicates a quite remarkable inability to appreciate literary conditions. "If Luke had had any sense of the canons of evidence he would scarcely have written a history of Paul without any reference to Paul's Epistles, which were easily accessible" (p. 253). It is certainly excessive to say that there is no mention of "a moral judgment, the separation of the evil and the good" in the eschatological speeches of the Synoptic Gospels (p. 277). We fail to perceive the contradiction asserted to exist between the Fourth Gospel and the narrative of the Acts with respect to the coming of the Holy Spirit (pp. 421-2). We have marked a great many similar examples of excessive and arbitrary statement, but we must draw rein. The merits of this work are great. It is evidently an honest attempt to indicate the lines on which Christian doctrine may be re-stated in deference to the requirements of science and history. That is a great venture, and we hold not less necessary than great. It is no mean service to have contributed a book in many respects so excellent: we hope that other writers, more familiar with Biblical criticism, less enamoured of the Germans, and, perhaps, more sympathetic with theology will follow in the wake of Professor Gardner.

FIVE OXFORD LEADERS.

"Five Great Oxford Leaders." By the Rev. Aug. B. Donaldson. London: Rivingtons. 1900. 6s. net.

THESE biographical sketches, though the author claims no originality for their matter, and though they are not touched with the charm and distinction which Burges would have lent to their form, are judiciously put together. They will remind a forgetful generation, singularly leaderless, of the great churchmen who, in the day of conflicts by the side of which our Kensitio-Harcourtomachiae are but the squabbles of pygmies, "rem restituere." We have some doubt whether Dean Church should have been placed with Keble, Newman, Pusey and Liddon, both because of certain modern leanings in him—had he been brought up at Cambridge would he have been a high churchman at all?—and also because, except for the dramatic incident of the proctorial veto, one does not associate his influence with Oxford. Liddon was Ireland Professor and Bampton Lecturer, and, though he obtained a much wider audience through the pulpit of S. Paul's, Pusey had tried to keep him from going to London. The "tangle and whirlpool of ecclesiastical politics," as Church described it, may have been there, but Newman was right in saying that "universities are the natural centres of intellectual movements." It is unlikely that Oxford will ever be the home of another, even if the movements have not all been used up. A "chaos of disintegrated convictions" cannot again become constructive. Domestic distractions have destroyed the old common-room life, and when men do meet together they are afraid to talk about anything save examination papers. Like Horace's adventurer, who when his argosies were shattered set about rebuilding, "indocilis pauperiem pati," so after her disestablishment in Oxford the Church of England began starting new institutions. But Canon Donaldson hints not obscurely (page 296) at the disappointment which some of these have caused. Could we restore, however, to Oxford real sodality of intellectual interest and religious sympathy, the barren would again bear. And there is some, if not as yet very much, evidence of reaction against the married don and the new social order. The Oxford revival sprang out of a traditional teaching. The opposition of the Heads of Houses had nothing really conservative about it, as they would have learnt had they taken down the dusty old Anglican divinity from their shelves, or consulted Dr. Routh, or read their Prayer-books. "We had all which we wanted within our own Church," said Pusey, "and did not look beyond, except to the Fathers to whom our Church sent us."

The Movement began in the year of the first Reformed Parliament with Keble's sermon on National Apostacy and Newman's letters to the "Record" upon the revival of Discipline. It was at once a trumpet call to "resist Liberalism," a passionate idealising of the "sacred past," and an intense desire for corporate and individual holiness. Its spirit should be sought in Isaac Williams' beautiful "Cathedral," lately reprinted, quite as much as in the "Christian Year." Most of the poetry, the wistfulness, of the Movement has since evaporated. The bloom, Mr. Gladstone once said, is off the peach. The spirit of shop-boy ritualism is not altogether lovely, or altogether reverent. But have the main aims of Tractarianism succeeded? Had there been no *Via Media* impulse, the spirit of the age would anyhow have swept away the mouldy protestantism of eighty years ago, theological learning would have revived, and institutions would have become efficient. Tractarianism did not originate the energy we see around us, but it gave it a Church direction. Its success has been in many ways astonishing. But the success has developed along the line of least resistance—anti-puritan and anti-Erastian, like the spirit of the age itself, ceremonial but not ceremonious, sacramental rather than sacerdotal—the sacerdotal idea was much stronger in the Vicar of Wakefield's days—and with a decided tendency to surrender the assertiveness (as distinct from the persuasiveness) of revealed religion. Little impression has been made on the self-conceit, self-pleasing, and lack of dutifulness which mark the undisciplined modern temper. And whereas Pusey and Keble hoped to find a bond of union

with religious Evangelicals and Romanists in the defence of Holy Scripture, the field is now held by the higher critics. Tractarianism has not prevented the establishment of divorce, or the destruction of the Church's judicature, or the progressive secularisation of the State. It has not stamped that impression of supernatural awe and ascetic sanctity upon the Church of England which Newman, essentially a mediævalist, looked for in vain. But its triumphs have been great in more popular directions. And they could not have been won but for the beauty and loftiness of character, combined with the intellectual force and cultivation, of the remarkable men who were raised up to be the leaders of a revival but for which the Ecclesia Anglicana would have been still regarded as nothing "nobler than the plaything and creature of Parliament and statesmen, nothing more than one of many organisations designed to promote co-operation among Christians." Tractarianism reminded the National Church that she is a Divine society.

MALAY MAGIC.

"Malay Magic; being an Introduction to the Folklore and Popular Religion of the Malay Peninsula." By W. W. Skeat. London: Macmillan. 1900. 21s. net.

THIS is a delightful book. Mr. Skeat evidently knows both the people and the language of the Malay Peninsula thoroughly well, and he tells us what he knows without mixing it up with any theories of his own. The result is that we have a solid and well-printed volume of interesting facts and stories, which give us a better insight into the character and civilisation of the Malay States than any number of speculations about their origin and relationships could have done. We have in it a realistic picture of Malay life and thought, expressed for the most part in Malay language, and translated into English for the benefit of Western readers.

Mr. Skeat naturally begins with the various accounts that are given of the creation of the world. One of them is curiously like the Babylonian story which describes the chaos that existed when as yet the heaven and the earth were unnamed, or, as the Malay version has it, "before the existence of the names of earth and heaven." In both the Babylonian and Malay legends, moreover, the destruction of the dragon or serpent, called Sakatimuna by the Malays, forms an important part of the history of the Creation, and in both also the heavens and the earth are made out of the sundered halves of the slaughtered monster. Malay mythology and folk-lore have been a good deal influenced by Mohammedanism during the last five or six centuries, and still more by the intercourse with India which preceded it; and since this particular story of the Creation begins with the same sort of Gnostic catalogue of abstract emanations as the Polynesian stories brought to light by Bastian, which are almost certainly of Indian origin, it may be that it is really a late echo of the old Asiatic myth. As in the case of most people in an early stage of culture, the religion of the Malays was once what has been termed animism, and Mohammedanism has been unable to extirpate it from their folklore or their belief. Not only animate nature but also inanimate objects were regarded as possessed of life, or rather inspired by spirits which had to be propitiated or overcome. The magician accordingly still occupies a prominent place in the Malay community like the "white wizard" in certain of our own rural districts, and the magic rites connected with the several departments of nature form a large and interesting portion of Mr. Skeat's work. There are charms against tigers and crocodiles who are still looked upon with superstitious fear and reverence, charms for fire and water, and above all for the winds and the weather. There seem, however, to be but few charms against snakes; at all events Mr. Skeat does not appear to have come across them; and this is the more remarkable when we remember that the Malay Peninsula is infested by snakes of a most venomous kind. As might be supposed, little distinction is drawn between man and his brute com-

panions or enemies; both are animated by spirits of exactly the same nature, and the outward form in which the spirits clothe themselves consequently matters but little. The story which explains the origin of the tiger is a good illustration of this attitude of mind. The tiger, it seems, was only a naughty boy who behaved badly to his schoolfellows, and being beaten by the master ran away from the school-house, and was thereupon changed into the green-eyed tiger of the forest.

The last chapter of the book contains a very elaborate account of the rites and ceremonies connected with the birth, life and death of the Malay. They all rest upon the belief in magic and in the spirit-world by which man is surrounded. Dances, games, and theatrical exhibitions are included among them, the dance and theatre having a religious or magical origin among the Malays as elsewhere. The book has an excellent index and has been carefully edited by Mr. Blagden who has prefixed to it a preface. In an appendix are given the Malay originals of the folk-tales and other specimens of folklore which are translated or referred to in the body of the volume. Among them is a list of the words supposed to be peculiar to the spirits, which are accordingly chanted by an orchestra during the ceremony of exorcising a sick man. As an example of what the charms are like we may quote one which has to be recited amid the fumes of incense when the operator wishes to "abduct" another person's soul:—

" OM ! Shout it again and again !
Stupid and dazed
Be the heart of *Somebody*,
Thinking of me.
If you do not think of me,
The forty-four angels shall curse you."

The lines are a curious instance of the way in which the primitive animism of the Malay has been overlaid first by Buddhistic and then by Mohammedan ideas.

COLLEGE HISTORY.

"College Histories : Balliol College, Oxford." By H. W. Carless Davis. London : Robinson. 1900. 5s. net.

In looking over a record so conscientiously compiled as this, we are inclined to ask, seeing that the volume is one of a series, whether college histories can ever be anything more than pegs upon which an undergraduate reading for the schools may conveniently hang other history. If his games and studies permit him, the leisure it is natural that he should wish to know something of the origins of his college, and there is of course a sense in which every corporate body housed in extensive buildings has a history of its own, a history, however, which resolves itself for the most part into the history of its first foundation and subsequent benefactions. When our undergraduate observes inscribed upon an eighteenth-century wall the legend "Verbum non amplius Fisher," upon which so many generations of Balliol men have cast a wondering eye, he presumes that one Fisher was the donator of that portion of the edifice. He tries perhaps to make it into a Lucretian tag by eliding the "s" in "amplius" or thinks how much better it would have sounded if the surname had been, for instance, Ingram. He will find no elucidation of the motto here beyond the additional statement that it was also thought worthy of being placed on Mr. Fisher's monument at Bere Regis. Buildings and benefactions—these are really all of history which a college has to itself, for such scraps of history as are usually related of a college are interesting not as typical of one college but of collegiate life in general. The "dingy horrid scandalous alehouse" which the Balliol dons frequented in the seventeenth century (and were backed up by the Vice-Chancellor of the day in spite of the remonstrances of their own master) has no really characteristic connexion with Balliol any more than similar hostelleries with other colleges; and it is without surprise that we find the rivulets of Balliol history and tradition collecting themselves here into an estuarial essay upon Jowett. It comes to this, that the history

of a college ought either to be entirely antiquarian and architectural, or else to be the history of its successive masters—a form of history which has no more real continuity than, let us say, the lives of the Laureates. A large college such as Balliol is really very like a large ocean-going steamer of whose passengers as such nothing can be predicated. In the case of a large school, Dr. Arnold did it would seem manage to impress a definite Rugbeian character upon his boys, but it is not by way of detracting from the great and beneficent influence of Jowett, that we say that the omnium gatherum list of some of his more famous pupils given on page 216 clearly shows that no special note of the Balliol man, as such, can be ascribed even to those of a limited epoch.

That this view is right seems to be indicated by the very different feelings with which men regard their old schools and their old colleges. For their old schools it is probably not too much to say that a good many would die as readily as they do for England—but to make such a statement about a college would be at the least extravagant. But although this fact somewhat impairs the sentimental interest of the story of a college, it need not make us ungrateful for a volume which leads us pleasantly and instructively through many historical periods. And as regards the view that college character exists and is continuous only in the fleeting personalities of dons and masters, it is a view which Jowett, who always upheld as against Buckle that the man was the important thing and not the movement, might have subscribed to easily enough in the case of colleges in general, though he could not of course have said it openly of his own.

Mr. Davis tells us that for a century past Balliol men have been less accustomed to contemplate the past than the future, and those who were present at the Balliol Gaudy last summer were certainly conscious that such past matters as the philosophic method of T. H. Green, were spoken of with a brisk hard-headedness which may have been a little shocking to some of his former admirers. In the meantime with T. H. Green and R. L. Nettleship, so characteristic in their diversity of the great diversity of Balliol men, Mr. Davis judiciously brings his very readable records to an end.

BLACK AND WHITE ROMANCE.

"Black Heart and White Heart, and Other Stories." By H. Rider Haggard. London : Longmans. 1900. 6s.

"Has the age of miracle quite gone by?" asks Mr. Rider Haggard in the last of the three long-short stories which form his new volume. "Hardly," most readers would be inclined to answer, if the question were put to them whilst their brains were alive with the witcheries and the wonders which are Mr. Haggard's "stock-in-trade." The marvels he recounts lose nothing in effect because they deal with the immediate and the remote past of the country in which Briton and Boer have just fought the fight for supremacy and empire. And by an odd coincidence, a book which opens with a description of an encounter between an Englishman and a Boer at Utrecht appeared on the very day on which Utrecht was occupied by British forces. Mr. Haggard takes us to Zululand just before the outbreak of the war which crushed the power of Cetewayo, to ancient Zimbabwe, just before the period at which the Phoenicians may be supposed to have succumbed to the attacks of the native barbarians, and to a part of Central Africa occupied by the Children of Fire, whose country had been penetrated, and whose horrible customs had been observed by none but a solitary missionary. The novelist rings the changes on scenes and ideas which he has made familiar ; here are the wizardry, the superstitions, the horrors, the deeds of devotion, of treachery, of love and of triumph, the superlative heroism, spiritual and material, which characterise all his work. Imagination runs riot, making unrealities live, and the fascination of "King Solomon's Mines" and "She" is over all. If Mr. Rider Haggard does not satisfy the demands of literature, he more than compensates for any shortcomings in that respect by the interest of his matter. He is not a stylist, but he is a born story-teller.

2 June, 1900

"Joan of the Sword Hand." By S. R. Crockett. London : Ward, Lock. 1900. 6s.

To say that "Joan of the Sword Hand" is a distinct improvement on "Ione March" is to say little in the way of praise. Though the "Black Douglas" had been something of a disappointment to those who remembered Mr. Crockett's earlier stories, "Ione March" came upon them with a shock. In the latter volume Mr. Crockett's faults may be said to have reached their culminating stage, and though "Joan of the Sword Hand" has no such enormities to show, the blight of deadly weariness lies like a pall upon its 400 pages. Mr. Crockett's course of conduct is that of a workman who, having given the public excellent handwork, turns tired eyes towards the machine, and struck by the exceeding facility of the instrument reels off chapter after chapter. Produced without labour, characters and incidents are still-born. "Joan of the Sword Hand" is the Duchess of Hohenstein. She clothes herself as a page and goes off to inspect her future husband at first hand. Her tempers and her tendernesses, and her sword-play, jostle one another hard, yet her martial spirit is as devoid of charm as is the kittenish silliness of her friend the Princess. The love-making of the handmaidens Anna and Martha Pappenheim is obviously designed to fill up the gaps. Duchess Joan, having discovered that she is married to one brother and in love with the other, takes horse and rides away on her wedding-day. From this point Mr. Crockett would seem to have seized the whole paraphernalia of mediæval melodrama and heaped it pell-mell upon his canvas. Mr. Crockett's later system is not pretty and assuredly it is not art. Worse than all it is distinctly irritating.

"The Wooing of Monica." By L. T. Meade. London : White. 1900. 6s.

This is a book of a stock type, peculiarly exasperating. Monica, so far as she is anything but a graven image, is the usual heiress, and she has a guardian who is the usual villain. Everything that goes wrong in the lives of everyone concerned is easily traceable to him, including murder and forgery, besides any amount of lady-killing. He is a very fascinating "devil of a fellow" after the fashion of such in this type of novel. "No offence to you, my dear sister, but the fact is, women without a man in the house have a dull time of it," and so on. "No woman ever yet lived who could resist him" murmurs the sister, and the author murmurs with her, all unconscious that she has drawn an insufferable "cad." What is the point of trying to make these ancient puppets dance? There are men and women in the world to write about without furbishing up wicked guardians and persecuted heiresses for the servants' hall.

"The Gifts of Enemies." By G. E. Mitton. London : Black. 1900. 6s.

Though not without some clever touches "The Gifts of Enemies" will scarcely add to the reputation of the author of "A Bachelor Girl in London." In the opening chapters there is sufficient upon cricket to bore intolerably all but the most ardent admirers of the game. The story turns upon the development of Neil Hawtrey from a taciturn youth into a man of tact and resourcefulness. This development is influenced by Mrs. Ventris, who also expands from a light-hearted woman of the world into one of serious purpose. Of the two developments that of Neil Hawtrey is the more interesting.

THE JUNE REVIEWS.

The lighter magazines are the hors d'œuvre of the monthly periodical feast. "Temple Bar" with a long series of entertaining extracts from the letters of Beckford, the author of "Vathek," to his literary agent in London, and "Cornhill" with an account of a recent trek from the Transvaal, are easier reading than "Longman's" with its plea for country teaching in country schools and its moral that it is essential to imperial health and welfare to have a larger population on the land than at present and "Macmillan's" with Mr. David Hannay's article on the French army. "Longman's" and "Macmillan's" in their turn are easier reading than the stately reviews. "Blackwood's" is a cross between the two. Something light and descriptive such as "Children of the House of Kajar" in this month's issue is always to be found in its pages whilst its fiction

is ever well above the average. In the "Fortnightly," Mr. Arthur Symons writes on Ernest Dowson, Mr. J. A. Marriott reviews the work of Sir William Hunter, Mr. F. E. Garrett writes on Paul Kruger as oligarchic theocrat and Mr. Alfred Sutro translates Maurice Maeterlinck's essay on "The Evolution of Mystery." In the "Nineteenth Century" Mrs. Stephen Batson examines some "books which have made the vogue in garden literature," and Mr. H. H. Statham in view of the triennial Handel Festival appraises the genius of Handel. In the "Contemporary" Mr. Matthias Dunn follows up his article on "Crabs" with an intimate account of the mimicry and other habits of cuttles, and the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco enlarges on the friendship which should subsist between man and beast: "Animals have only to be persuaded that men are harmless to meet their advances half way. If this is not always true of wild beasts it is because, as S. Francis apprehended, unfortunately they are sometimes hungry; but man is not the favourite prey of any wild beast who is in his right mind."

South Africa does not loom quite so large as usual in the pages of the Reviews. The "Fortnightly's" South African feature is Mr. James Milne's "Consult Sir George Grey!" on the subject of the settlement after the war. In the "Contemporary" Mr. Lionel Phillips urges that the true interest of South Africa will be promoted by the abolition of unproductive taxation and wasteful expenditure in the Transvaal and M. Yves Guyot elucidates the psychology of French pro-Boerism and Anglophobia, tracing the source of every anti-English movement on the Continent to the inspiration of the Vatican and the Society of Jesus. "Anglophobia is the revenge of the Vatican for Italy and the loss of the Temporal Power." In the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. F. S. Tatham in "A Voice from Natal" attacks Mr. Sidney Low's history, resents as an insult the suggestion that the natives should not be handed over to colonial control, recommends that the influence and power of Natal should be increased and that South Africa should continue to enjoy the fullest power of self-government consistent with the Imperial idea. The Rev. J. S. Moffat in an article following Mr. Tatham's does not share his view as to the natives. "The colonial sense of justice to the native," he says, "when it does exist is overborne by selfish and short-sighted considerations." The "Nineteenth" is fortunate in having secured an excellent descriptive account from the pen of the late Captain Cecil Boyle of the rush to Kimberley and the pursuit of Cronje. It shows how much we owe to the work of the cavalry under General French. "Concerning our Cavalry" is the title of an interesting article in "Blackwood's." "There is," says the writer, "one characteristic of modern rifle-fire which, it may be presumed, will add not a little to the moral effect of an attack of cavalry upon infantry. The small-bore bullet has very little stopping power. If a horse was hit by an old-fashioned bullet, it received a severe shock, which turned it aside and most likely incapacitated it altogether; but a .303, a Mauser, or a Lebel bullet may hit a horse, and even inflict a fatal wound, without producing any immediate effect upon the animal. Magazines might be discharged into an attacking squadron with a very small influence in checking the energy of its immediate rush. Infantry-men know this perfectly well, and it may possibly happen that the order 'Prepare to receive cavalry' will not be obeyed in the future with the same nonchalance and confidence as heretofore." Turning from Africa to Asia we find in the "Fortnightly" Mr. R. S. Gundry explaining the mystery of the last palace intrigue in Peking and Mr. D. C. Bougier predicting a crisis in Afghanistan; in the "Nineteenth Century" Professor Robert K. Douglas holds out some hope of the intellectual awakening of China through the efforts of the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese. While Mr. Gundry sees in reform the only way of escape from foreign intervention or insurrection, Professor Douglas assures us that the reform movement will either bend or break the party of reaction headed by the Dowager Empress.

Will there be a dissolution? we ask in another column. According to an able paper in the "Fortnightly" the dissolution may come as early as July and will not be deferred beyond November, Lord Salisbury will retire from public life, and the future will depend on Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Rosebery. The only consideration that will induce Lord Salisbury to remain in harness is the possibility of Mr. Chamberlain becoming Prime Minister. The reviewer suggests that Mr. Balfour may succeed Lord Salisbury with a seat in the Lords, Mr. Chamberlain becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Rosebery Foreign Minister. He agrees with Mr. Herbert Paul in the "Contemporary" in regarding Lord Rosebery as a strong Foreign Minister. Mr. Paul says that Lord Rosebery gave us peace whilst the present Government have involved us in a variety of crises. He ignores circumstances. Lord Rosebery gave us peace by surrender when the prospect darkened: Siam and the Congo are cases in point. Mr. Sidney Low in the "Nineteenth" does not assist us to solve the "Enigmas of Empire" he discusses. He shows how we have neglected Imperial duties in many directions. The explanation, according to Mr. W. S. Lilly, in a strenuous outburst in the "Fortnightly," is the party system. Imperial

interests are, says Mr. Lilly, shelved in obedience to "majority-mongering" and the art of politics has been reduced to the art of vote-catching. The chief care of every ministry now is to produce popular budgets and gain a party advantage.

LITERATURE OF THE WAR.

"On the Eve of the War." By Evelyn Cecil, M.P. London : Murray. 1900. 3s. 6d.

"South Africa, Past and Present." By Violet R. Markham. London : Smith, Elder. 1900. 10s. 6d.

"Little History of South Africa." By G. M. Theal. Fourth Edition. London : Unwin. 1900. 1s. 6d.

"Sidelights on the War." By Lady Sykes. London : Unwin. 1900. 3s. 6d.

"Pen Pictures of the War." By Men at the Front. Vol. I. London : Horace Marshall. 1900. 6s.

"The Siege of Ladysmith." By R. J. McHugh. London : Chapman and Hall. 1900. 3s. 6d.

"Four Months Besieged : the Story of Ladysmith." By H. H. S. Pearse. London : Macmillan. 1900. 6s.

"Ladysmith : the Diary of a Siege." By H. W. Nevinson. London : Methuen. 1900. 6s.

"The Relief of Ladysmith." By J. B. Atkins. London : Methuen. 1900. 6s.

"London to Ladysmith via Pretoria." By Winston Spencer Churchill. London : Longmans. 1900. 6s.

"The Natal Campaign." By Bennet Burleigh. London : Chapman and Hall. 1900. 6s.

"Towards Pretoria." By Julian Ralph. London : C. A. Pearson. 1900. 6s.

"The Transvaal War Album." Edited by Commander C. N. Robinson, R.N. London : Newnes. 1900. 12s. 6d. net.

The modern war correspondent apparently considers it part of his duty to have his letters from the front bound up when the ink is hardly dry and sold as a book. The practice is probably inevitable in a hurried age, but the books before us suggest the reflection that several of their writers could, had they allowed themselves a little leisure, have produced works of permanent historical value. The daily papers have given us current impressions in abundance, and we could wish for more critical records. Mr. Steevens' book, unhappily, had to be given to the world in its original form : Mr. Bennet Burleigh's would probably have gained little from revision. That some mistakes in using technical terms should be made by a civilian — even though he be as experienced as Mr. Burleigh — is perhaps hardly to be wondered at. Thus on page 231 he speaks of the Dublin Fusiliers numbering "ten corps" when of course he means companies. But surely Mr. Churchill has by premature publication discounted the value of what we yet hope to have from his pen. The public, however, will no doubt welcome these accounts of the siege of Ladysmith from Mr. Pearse of the "Daily News," Mr. McHugh of the "Daily Telegraph," and Mr. Nevinson of the "Daily Chronicle," who were all in the beleaguered town. Mr. Atkins of the "Manchester Guardian" and Mr. Churchill of the "Morning Post" have been in a position to describe the relief operations, and the general campaign in Natal, from a less narrowed outlook. Accepting the necessary limitations of such writing, we find in Mr. Pearse's letters an admirable account of the siege. Mr. Nevinson is rather more picturesque, and the personal equation looms larger in his writing. Perhaps Mr. Pearse tells us better what happened, which is after all more important than what Mr. Nevinson thought of what was happening. Mr. Atkins describes excellently the military operations on the Tugela as they presented themselves to an intelligent layman, for he disclaims military knowledge, and his account of the Battle of Spion Kop is very graphic. Mr. McHugh's book is decidedly "scrappy" and one or two features in it, such as his talk about "negroes" when he means Kaffirs, and his extension of the word "treachery" to describe not only tricks with the white flag, but perfectly justifiable, if very irritating, Boer ruses, place his work on a lower level than that of his colleagues. But the excellent tone of the war correspondents' writing is very noticeable. They are loyal to the officers in command, they mind their own business, and they do not unduly advertise individuals.

The story of the siege of Ladysmith is now so familiar that we need not dwell upon it. It is clear that the holding of the town saved the colony of Natal, and the responsibility for creating a dilemma between a tactical mistake and a political disaster rests with the powers which set Sir George White an impossible task. Perhaps some confusion prevails as to the "political" reasons for holding Northern Natal. The word "political" can only be applied here in the Indian, not the Parliamentary sense. The "political" consequences which would have followed a retirement south of the Tugela were not the alienation of votes, but a shock to British prestige throughout South Africa, a greatly extended Dutch rising, and a universal commotion amongst natives. This is not what Little Englanders, with eyes glued to ballot-boxes, understand by "political consequences," and the distinction is worth pressing home. It becomes from these books even clearer that the English

of South Africa have risen splendidly to the occasion. The Imperial Light Horse have secured the Uitlanders for all time from ignorant and indiscriminate abuse. Natal, Rhodesia, and the Cape English have done their duty manfully. Unhappily there were a few ruffians in Ladysmith who stole stores intended for the sick, and seized the opportunity of making money. It is earnestly to be hoped that the good work done by Indian stretcher-bearers will be borne in mind when next the "coolie question" arises. The Natal campaign contained blunders, but every single regiment engaged has come out of it with increased reputation — which is unfortunately more than can be said for the South African war as a whole.

Mr. Churchill, thanks to his exciting experiences, was able to see a good deal more of the Boer than other correspondents. His book is, we hope, merely an instalment, and he is not able, while the "Vierkleur" still flies in the Transvaal, to give a full account of his escape from Pretoria. But, incomplete and hastily written as it necessarily is, the book is most fascinating. The writer has made good use of the time spent in the Service, and he is never merely a journalist who has strayed into the midst of a battle.

It is rather late to notice Mr. Cecil's impressions of Africa on the eve of war, but they possess very great interest now that we are beginning to think seriously of the future settlement. Miss Markham's painstaking work is a compound of a travelling diary agreeably written and of a somewhat pretentious historical study in which she has had many better qualified predecessors. Her judgments are sane and her principles excellent, but her historical chapters contain no novelty except one or two inaccurate dates, which a reference to the new edition of Dr. Theal's *bilong* account of South African history will correct. Lady Sykes goes far to justify a certain proclamation by Sir Alfred Milner : her book contains nothing but disjointed and commonplace remarks seasoned by ill-natured and impudent criticism. As for the first volume of "Pen Pictures," it is impossible to conceive of a more useless and mischievous compilation. An anonymous editor reproduces with fatuous comments a series of letters from soldiers and civilians at the front. "The Transvaal War Album" is mainly composed of effectively reproduced photographs. Mr. Dunn of the so-called Irish Brigade (which seems to deserve its name as little as that "Polish Legion" in the Turkish Army in 1877 recruited from French, English and German adventurers) is cited as an authority equal to Sir George White. Many of the letters from privates should never, of course, have been published. The editor, who is obviously ignorant of military history and of all things connected with war, goes out of his way to accumulate "evidence" of outrages said to have been committed by our troops, and to ignore the clearest proofs of bad faith on the part of the enemy. The value of his criticism may be judged from his suggestion that Lord Roberts does not know the difference between expansive and explosive bullets. Mr. Ralph's book is the well-told tale of an accomplished American journalist, and is essentially typical of the florid and effusive style now so painfully popular. Doubtless it will please many of his readers to be told of the officer whose countenance was "refined, intellectual, masterful," whose "every movement" was "graphic to a degree," whose moustachios were "upturned at the ends," and whose face and hands were "browned but daintily cared for" ! It might be one of Ouida's heroes ! Still there is much to praise in Mr. Ralph's work, but his "facts" are not invariably correct. For instance we are told on page 101 that Sir George White arrived in South Africa from India, whereas all the world knows that he went out from England, and that prior to his departure he was holding the post of Quartermaster-General.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Les Mancenilles. By André Couvreur. Paris : Plon. 1900. 3f. 50c.

This is the second volume of a series of novels that has as comprehensive title "Les Dangers Sociaux." How far M. André Couvreur is justified in appalling his readers with an exhaustive analysis of all that is worst in mankind is a problem that we do not care to discuss in these columns ; but what we really should like to know is why modern French novelists shun healthy spheres in order to concern themselves solely with the surroundings of prostitutes and parasites. "La vie vivante" is a fine theme for any earnest author, but if he takes that theme with the intention of doing it justice he must view and examine all spheres and all peoples, and not devote his entire attention to the unfortunate society whose faults and follies constitute the whole contents of "Les Mancenilles" and other equally depressing books. Frankly, we are irritated by the imitators of Zola ; would-be realists who believe (or pretend to believe) that the age is so advanced that it is allowable to paint harrowing pictures bristling with odious details. They have neither the insight of the author of the "Rougon-Macquart" series, nor the compassion, nor the infinite charity and hope. They are not bent on doing good. They do not mingle the good with the bad, leaving one to believe that the bad will be better by-and-bye. They merely choose weak or infamous people, and, in a matter of fact way, follow them through their

career of cruelty and vice. Like all French writers, they are endowed with a striking style: and with M. Couvreur, so far as style is concerned, we have no fault to find. For over four hundred pages, he pursues Maxime Duprat, the nephew of a wealthy provincial distiller, and Jean Bordier, a medical student who holds forth invariably on the wickedness of the world. Both come to the Latin Quarter, where Maxime leads a fast life in spite of his friend's warnings and advice. Maxime goes from bad to worse. Maxime, even when he is married and a minister years later, continues his dissipated career. Eventually, he dies diseased and disgraced. In Jean Bordier's opinion, his friend is the victim of women—"les Mancenilles"—who, in every class, spread ruin wherever they go. Raymonde and two or three others are certainly monstrous creatures; but then we can hardly believe that they exist. If they do we thank them for having killed Maxime (a greater monster than they), and only regret that they did not do so earlier in the book. From first to last, we are depressed, harrowed, and, by some occasional examples of the author's bad taste, made indignant. There was no need to introduce a hospital ward where the vicious lie prostrate; even less to follow the surgeon and his pupils, less still to record the jokes and remarks they made at many a bedside. From other unnecessary and repugnant scenes and incidents, we can only arrive at the conclusion that, in undertaking to deal with "Les Dangers Sociaux," M. André Couvreur has set himself too great and too solemn a task.

Le Droit Chemin. By Gustave Guesviller. Paris: Plon. 1900. 3f. 50c.

Says the publisher's note that accompanies this novel: "Le Droit Chemin, un beau titre, et un beau livre, où s'affirme avec une puissance émouvante le talent de Gustave Guesviller. Livre intense, hardi, de morale indépendante, de portée généreuse, où se développe, parmi les nouveaux problèmes auxquels est attachée la conscience de la femme libre, un drame sentimental d'une émotion saisissante et d'une large envergure de tragédie antique dans le décor le plus moderne." Unfortunately, we cannot agree at all with this appreciation. To us, it seems to be dreadfully misleading. And yet we cannot condemn the book too fiercely: it has the virtue of being pure. Maurice Odly, a law-student, loves Madame Tramont, the wife of a distinguished lawyer. She loves him also; but, refusing to deceive her husband, argues with Maurice and finds him a wife. Just as Maurice is engaged, M. Tramont dies, leaving Madame Tramont free. And Maxime would marry her; but she, feeling for his fiancée, runs away. That is all. Three chapters would have contained M. Guesviller's story; but he was evidently ambitious to write a big book.

Au Congo. By Baron E. de Mandat-Grancey. Paris: Plon. 1900. 4f.

Since the "question of the Congo" will shortly be settled by the Belgian Parliament, special interest is attached to this book. Some years ago we were entertained by the spectacle of a Congolese village established as an annexe to the Brussels Exhibition; but visitors were so unfavourably impressed by the appearance and manners of the natives that they hoped the Government would refuse King Leopold's offer of the Congo to the country as a free gift. Many brawls took place among the inhabitants of the encampment. It leaked out that they had waged war coming over on the ship. But, in another part of the grounds, a civilised colony from the Congo held court; and there missionaries pointed out the difference and explained how, if the country accepted the Congo, the natives would all become calm and civilised. According to Baron de Mandat-Grancey, an old and experienced traveller, the Belgian Congo should turn out to be profitable land; he has faith in the intellectual and moral development of the natives also. And his views may be taken seriously, for he has seen and studied much and treated his subject with pleasing impartiality. Apart from many an amusing anecdote, the book possesses an array of capital photographs taken by M. Morcel.

Les Sèvriennes. By Madame G. Réval. Paris: Ollendorff. 1900. 3f. 50c.

This is a charming and most refreshing book. Avoiding worn-out themes, the author has chosen the girls' college at Sèvres as scene and made its delightful inmates her characters. It is not a school and not a convent, nor does it produce any of those self-satisfied and superior young ladies who have allowed themselves to become contemptuous of most things and most persons on account of a sojourn at Girton. At intervals Madame G. Réval occupies herself with the conduct of the college, but the greater part of her book consists of Marguerite Triel's diary which, we hasten to add, is neither "gushing" nor sentimental. Marguerite is a charming character; her friends represent the very best type of womanhood, but we confess that Mlle. Berthe Passy, the daughter of a bohemian poet, is our favourite pupil. Above all things, she is unconventional. She is reckless, moreover. She uses slang freely. She and her father—the only remaining Passys—are fast friends. And, being a bohemian herself, Mlle. Berthe employs highly bohemian expressions and epithets when she writes to M.

(Continued on page 692.)

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Passy. Her letters, indeed, constitute one of the most amusing features of the book.

Le Dernier Bateau. By Jean Rameau. Paris: Ollendorff. 1900. 3f. 50c.

A third of this book is devoted to an extremely brilliant satire on the fantasies and follies of the modern aesthete and his fashionable patrons. M. Rameau introduces us at once to Madame de Vireilhes, a rich widow, who wishes to revive the "salon." Her guests are all contemptible poseurs—"du dernier bateau"—who shudder when the names of Racine, Corneille, Béranger, and Victor Hugo are pronounced; who only esteem and admire themselves. One, for instance, declares that the vowel *i* makes him see blood; and loves *é* because it conjures up visions of rich mauve. Another cannot sleep because he hears the trees *singing*. A third is also disturbed at night by other trees that *think aloud*. A fourth is famous for a musical composition entitled "L'Express de trois heures cinquante;" which is a direct attack on the "bourgeois Wagner." Each calls the other "maître." Each loves a particular flower which, odd growth, also sings. Some arrange their ties in the shape of a lily or an orchid. Equally amusingly does M. Rameau poke fun at Madame Vireilhes who, like all fashionable French ladies, is for ever giving original fêtes. After much thought she hits upon a dog party—to which the dogs of all her friends are invited; and invitations are sent out to "Darling" or "Miss" or "Tiger." They come in hundreds; so do their mistresses and masters. The dogs are announced by the footman as "Mdlle. Darling" and "M. Tiger." No one must wander from the subject of dogs. And the fête is a huge success. Now and then, M. Rameau becomes extravagant; but then ridicule is supposed to kill. He will have conferred a benefit on mankind if his merciless satire has the happy effect of slaughtering those inane and unhealthy creatures who parody all that is noblest and most beautiful in life, and who, in times gone by, would have been avoided as social lepers.

Du Triste au Gai. By Jacques Normand. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1900. 3f. 50c.

A masterly volume of short stories. A past collaborator of Guy de Maupassant, M. Jacques Normand now gives us several brilliant sketches that might have come from his "Master's" pen. He is not so gloomy as the author of "Père Milon," however; and, at times, he is far more gay. With the space we have at our command, it is quite impossible to do justice to the fifteen powerful chapters we have before us; and so we must be content with recommending this volume to all who are interested in "la vie vivante" and, above all, to the many English authors who, up to now, have failed most signally in doing justice to the very great art of writing short stories.

Revue des Quat Saisons. Edited by Louis Morin. Janvier-Avril. Paris: Ollendorff. 1900. 2f.

Under the superintendence of that "gay" illustrator and writer, M. Louis Morin, this flippant little review is to make its appearance every three months. It does not pretend to take up sober subjects; its aim is only to amuse, and, as both its articles and illustrations are at once risky, we see no reason why it should not be popular with the boulevardier. The place of honour is given to an account of the famous Quat' L'Arts ball that takes place every year at the Moulin Rouge. Only artists may attend: it is not a spectacle that may be enjoyed by the public; and although Senator Bérenger has condemned it over and over again, it has escaped interference from the Government on the score that it is a purely artistic show. "The Influence of the Chat Noir" is an interesting article in so much as it shows how and why the Montmartre chansonniers have won so much popularity.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Sweet Hampstead." By Caroline A. White. London: Elliot Stock. 1900. 15s. net.

Mrs. White, the author of this very interesting record of the historical, social and personal associations which cluster round the famous suburb of Hampstead, states in a touching preface that the first draft of her book was laid aside, but never forgotten, for more than thirty years, and has only recently been reverted to when she can look back through a life perspective of eighty-nine years. An enthusiasm lasting through all these years has been rather strengthened than diminished by the changes which a neighbourhood like Hampstead, so near London, has passed through in so long a lifetime. For Mrs. White's own sake and for readers who find pleasure in local sketches recalling scenes in which so many famous, and notorious, men and women have figured, we congratulate her sincerely on the vitality and vivacity which have enabled her to resume a plan so long laid aside and to carry it out so admirably. The idea of the book is something intermediate, for general readers, between such works as Howitt's "Northern Heights" and Baines' "Records of Hampstead." Its title is taken from a letter of Constable the painter and its contents record "incidents and memories of the celebrated men and women who from the days of Queen Anne till our own

have added to the intrinsic delights of the place the charm of their association with it." To adapt to the occasion a consecrated criticism, it is a work which no Hampstead gentleman's library should be without.

"An Introduction to the Study of Zoology." By B. Lindsay. London: Sonnenschein. 1899. 6s.

Miss Lindsay's pleasantly written little volume is intended to be a general introduction to the study of zoology rather than an exact elementary text-book, and its somewhat discursive chapters serve well enough for the purpose. The materials for such a book lie ready to the hand of any zoologist, and the chief requisites for a successful volume are a careful selection and a rigid accuracy. Miss Lindsay has chosen her subjects in a competent fashion, but she has not been sufficiently careful in details. In her account of the liver, she omits all reference to its formation of glycogen, which certainly is its most important function. She states that the purpose of the cæcum is to secure additional surface, a statement which bears no relation to the occurrence or absence of the organ in different mammals and birds. In her discussion of the body cavities she makes no distinction between "coel" and "hæmatocœle," and in her account of the Arthropoda she makes no reference to the fundamental peculiarity of the internal cavity in that group. In the discussion of parthenogenesis, extremely misleading statements are made regarding polar bodies, and the text and figures regarding conjugation are quite insufficient. These are only a few instances of a looseness of statement which is extremely reprehensible in an elementary volume.

"Letters from a Mourning City." By Axel Munthe. London: Murray. 1899. 6s.

Twelve years ago these letters were translated from the Swedish by an English lady. The book has long been out of print. Dr. Munthe speaks of it as forgotten; but it could have been forgotten by none who read it. The present edition is the author's own. Naples has changed for the better—in a sanitary sense at all events—since the grim cholera-stricken autumn of 1884. But the Letters have a permanent human interest; they are vivid, painful—but never repulsive. They are lit up by insight and a quaint introspective fancy. It is strange that so much of the best literature should be associated with suffering.

"The History of the Melanesian Mission" by E. S. Armstrong (London: Ibsbister. 1900. 10s. 6d.) is an important contribution to missionary history—sets out at some length the work accomplished during half a century by such devoted spirits as Bishop E. S. Selwyn, John Selwyn, Patteson, Wilson and others.—"Historic Towns of the Middle States" edited by Lyman P. Powell (New York and London: Putnam. 1899) is the second volume of "American Historic Towns," and covers such centres of activity as New York City, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Albany, Saratoga and Buffalo, each chapter being written by an author for whose "unique fitness for his special task" the editor vouches.

"Profits v. Dividends on Stock Exchange Investments," by Duncaus (London: Effingham Wilson. 1900. 2s. 6d.) The writer of this ingenious little volume has reduced the question of profit-making on Stock Exchange investment to simplicity itself. Elaborate tables show the movements of certain stocks over a considerable period, and the conclusions to be drawn from them are explained in some detail.

For This Week's Books see page 694.

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